

I'll Be Yours, And You'll Be Mine

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I'll Be Yours, And You'll Be Mine

by [ainsleymourning](#)

Summary

“Leaving already?” Kusuke chimes with laughter, and Makoto only turns back around to bite more insults at him, but Kusuke speaks first. “Maybe we can help each other.”

“Help each other?” Makoto repeats. He wants nothing to do with Kusuke already. “I’m not interested.”

Kusuke pouts mockingly. “Aww, you’re not even going to hear me out? I think you’d like it.”

Makoto grunts. He’s curious again, and he folds his arms and taps his foot impatiently. “Well? Spit it out already.”

(Or -- in which two disgusting idiots pretend to be each others’ siblings in a feeble attempt to satisfy themselves, and accidentally wind up falling in love in the process.)

Warning: this fic is going to be **very** explicit, particularly when Kusuke gets his way.

He's a huge masochist (he's even worse in the manga), and Makoto is a sister-obsessed creep. It features themes of very strong brother/sister complexes, because, well, that's who they are. I still love them both anyways. I'm trying to stay as in-character as I can for a smut fic about a comedy anime.

They'll both eventually develop past it throughout the course of this work, but certainly not at first. Don't like, don't read! Hope you enjoy. :)

The Proposition

It's fairly dark in the shade.

Regardless, this has never hindered Makoto before. He likes to think he's developed some sort of superhuman visual senses, capable of maintaining his intent and watchful gaze from great distances, even with very little light to work with. The building he's pressed up against casts a towering shadow against the sidewalk, but it doesn't matter. Nothing can dull the shine that glows off the picturesque outline of his target.

"Ahh, Kokomi..." he muses to himself. She's not doing particularly much -- just walking home from school -- but *dammit*, she somehow manages to do it *perfectly*, as if she's a model strutting down a catwalk; and he's the audience cheering her on, snapping pictures to keep tucked into his pockets for...well. That's not important.

Darting from building to building is easy enough. He's wearing a beanie pulled over his cobalt locks and a mask and sunglasses that obscure his striking features, so he looks like just another completely normal person blended into the crowd. Yes, completely normal. The strangers giving him quizzical and concerned looks are normal, too. What's with them? He's not doing anything suspicious. Just tailing an innocent high school girl trying to take pictures up her skirt with every passing draft of wind. See? Perfectly normal.

She's skipping along, humming to herself, on her way to -- wait, where is she going? This isn't the direction of their house. He scurries closer.

It's only after about ten more minutes of dedicated pursuit that he realizes where she's going.

That stupid four-eyes' house!

He seethes. The audacity! He's obviously tricking her! Next time he sees her, he'll have to teach that pink-haired jerk a lesson. She's muttering something under her breath, and he strains his ears to hear her, but fails. When she turns the corner onto his street, he can no longer take it, and then he's sprinting towards the gate, ready to stop her, until -- a hand jerks him back.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" a voice chirps from behind him. It's light and airy, but somehow drips with malice. He whips around to face it.

It's a boy with dirty blonde hair that obscures half his face, and a clouded green eye glares at him from the right side of it. He's wearing some sort of strange tiara with a weird antenna in front, and Makoto decides there's clearly something wrong with him. They appear to be around the same age, and are almost exactly the same height, but Makoto still has no trouble wrenching his shoulder from the interfering stranger's grasp.

"It's none of your business!" Makoto snaps. "What's it to you?"

The boy gives him a threatening grin. "I won't have some random creep disturbing my brother."

"I'm not a-- wait, your brother?"

He nods. "My adorable baby brother lives here. Are you stalking him? I can't allow that." He reaches into his pocket and pulls out some unidentifiable metal contraption that sends a jolt of panic through Makoto's spine, and he waves his hands vigorously.

“What?! Not at all! I don’t give a shit about your dumb brother! *My* adorable sister is about to go into his house!”

The boy chuckles. “I think you mean *went* into his house .” He gestures his head towards the front door, which shuts behind Kokomi. Makoto stomps his foot into the asphalt, kicking a stray pebble into the infuriating boy’s shin.

“You! You made me lose Kokomi! This is all your fault! If you hadn’t stalled me here, I would’ve been able to stop her from falling into his trap!”

“Trap?” The boy raises an eyebrow. “My brother has absolutely no interest in your sister at all. They’re on completely different levels.”

Makoto’s eyes light up. “Yes, exactly!” So maybe he *does* have some sense, instantly being able to tell that Kokomi is far too good for his shitty brother! Makoto breathes a sigh of relief.

“My brother is way too good for your vapid sister.”

Never mind. He’s insane.

“ *What* did you just say?!” Makoto snarls. Instinctively, he whips his mask and sunglasses off his face, but the boy doesn’t react at all.

“What, you thought I was going to say she was better than him? Please. You know *nothing* about Kusuo.”

“And you know nothing about Kokomi!” he counters, but the boy still seems unfazed. Instead, his lips stretch into a condescending smirk.

“Fine, have it your way. I’m going inside.” He takes a few steps towards the house, but Makoto yanks him back.

“You’re not going anywhere near her!” he says, and then it hits him. His face is fully exposed, and the boy doesn’t seem to care at all. “Wait. Aren’t you going to say anything about, y’know...me?”

The boy frowns. “What’s there to say?”

“You don’t know who I am?!”

He shrugs. “No. Should I?”

Makoto has never been more utterly offended in his entire life. He pulls off his beanie with excessive bravado, shaking out his hair in perfect elegance, and can practically feel himself shimmer. “I’m Japan’s top idol, Mugami Touru!”

“Uh, okay. I’m Saiki Kusuke.”

Makoto clasps a hand to his chest like it’s been struck with an arrow. “How do you not know me?”

The boy -- *Kusuke* laughs again, and Makoto can feel a vein pop in his forehead. *His laugh is so annoying!*

“I just have no interest in humanity at all. Sorry!” he giggles. “Oh, except my brother. I don’t really know if he counts as human, though.”

“Your brother is *definitely* human. And an awful one at that,” Makoto sneers. “Kokomi is the one

who isn't human. She's an angel! No, she's a goddess!"

Kusuke snorts. "Ahh...so you're like that, too."

"What the hell is *that* supposed to mean?"

"You're in love with your sister."

Makoto opens and closes his mouth, and repeats this several times, but no words come out. Kusuke snickers.

"That's kinda pathetic."

"No it isn't! I'm going to marry her someday!" Makoto counters, and Kusuke cracks up. "Besides, you said 'too,' which means you're no better than I am!"

"Oh, I'm *definitely* better than you are. I guess I'm not really in love with Kusuo...there's just certain stuff I want him to do to me that I know he never will."

Makoto almost gags. "And just what would that be?" he asks, only motivated by morbid curiosity.

"I think you know," Kusuke hums. "You want the same type of thing from her, don't you?"

"Everything I want from Kokomi is beautiful and pure, not whatever dirty stuff *you're* thinking of!"

"Oh man, you're totally hopeless."

Makoto sets his jaw. He hasn't even known the guy five minutes, and he already wants to pummel him into a pulp. Absolutely everything about him pisses Makoto off -- his smarmy grin, know-it-all attitude, and patronizing tone. Finally, he's had just about enough of this perverted weirdo, and he starts to stomp off in the other direction. The soft padding of footsteps grows louder from behind him, and there's a tap on his shoulder.

"Leaving already?" Kusuke chimes with laughter, and Makoto only turns back around to bite more insults at him, but Kusuke speaks first. "Maybe we can help each other."

"*Help* each other?" Makoto repeats. He wants nothing to do with Kusuke *already*. "I'm not interested."

Kusuke pouts mockingly. "Aww, you're not even going to hear me out? I think you'd like it."

Makoto grunts. He's curious again, and he folds his arms and taps his foot impatiently. "Well? Spit it out already."

"Since I think we can understand each other, how about we engage in some fun role-playing? I'll turn off my brain to be your pretty sister, and you can use all your acting skills to play my brother, and then we can do whatever we want to each other without worrying about any consequences. We can switch off who gets to be themselves and who has to do the pretending each time. We'll take turns. Well? What do you say? Isn't it a great idea?"

A swell of rage inflates Makoto's chest, and he almost doesn't dignify the insane idea with a response, but he can't hold himself back. "You're *disgusting*."

Kusuke doesn't seem to care. "And? So are you."

“I’m not disgusting at all! I’m an immaculate idol with nothing but love for my beautiful sister. You think I want to dirty my handsome body by pressing it against your slimy one?!”

Kusuke ignores his insult. “Handsome? You? Oh, sorry, I couldn’t tell. Humans kinda all look like monkeys to me.”

Makoto chokes on his fury. “I’m going to lose my virginity to Kokomi,” he says. “Have you not remained chaste until your crappy brother can take it away from you?”

“Of course I haven’t,” Kusuke scoffs, dropping his facade of cheerfulness for a brief moment. “Unlike you, I haven’t been saving myself for something I have no hope of ever obtaining. I’m not delusional.”

Makoto clenches his fists. “Neither am I! Kokomi and I are very much in love! She just...doesn’t know it yet!”

Kusuke giggles. “You’re kind of a funny guy! If you were entirely different in every way, we might be able to get along.”

“That just means you don’t like me at all!”

“So? Do you like *me*? That’s not what matters here. If you use all three of your brain cells, you might realize what a great proposition I’m offering you here. ”

“You’re insane!”

Kusuke smiles inauthentically. “There’s a very fine line between insanity and brilliance, and I like to think I tread it with impeccable balance.”

Makoto scowls. “You’re failing. And I’m not even into guys, so this whole thing is pointless.”

Kusuke tilts his head. “Then why haven’t you said no yet?”

Makoto’s stomach churns. “Because I felt no need to! My answer should be obvious! You’re nothing compared to Kokomi!” He isn’t *bad* looking, though, not by a long shot; the dark eyelashes that fan over his visible eye are quite long, especially for a boy, and his facial features are soft yet chiseled. Still, Kokomi is about a million times prettier. “And what sick pleasure could you *possibly* get out of me pretending to be your brother?”

Kusuke exhales in exasperation. “You know, I built a perfect robot replica of him once, but it just wasn’t the same. I made it lick my shoes and worship me, which was nice at first, but it got old so quickly! Besides, that was never really what I wanted...” Kusuke sighs wistfully, his eyes glazing over, and Makoto can’t help but raise an eyebrow. *This guy is such a creep! Good thing I’m not anything like him.* “Kusuo is the only one who can ever defeat me! What I really want is for him to put me in my place. I had the robot step on me and kick me down, but it just wasn’t enough. Even when I had it fuck me so hard I passed out, it just wasn’t the same. And you know why? Because it was still me controlling its every action! And what fun is that? I don’t wanna fuck myself. Even if I am superior to the rest of humanity.”

Makoto’s jaw drops. “You made it *what?!?*”

Kusuke tsks. “Aww, don’t go judging me now. You’re telling me if you had an exact replica of Kokomi, you wouldn’t throw it down on a bed and make sweet, sweet love to your beautiful sister?” He spits the words with such vitriol that it spikes Makoto with rage, and he raises a fist poised to strike, but Kusuke holds up his hands in surrender.

“Please don’t! I might not look like it, but I’m actually kinda weak by myself.”

“You totally look like it!” Makoto shoots back. Kusuke laughs again, and the urge to punch him in his stupid smug face grows only stronger. “And wait a minute. You built a *robot* of him?”

“Yeah,” Kusuke states matter-of-factly. “I have a PhD in Biomechanical Engineering from Cambridge. Oh, also in Artificial Intelligence, Robotics, and Anatomical Sciences.”

Makoto’s mouth hangs open. “Wh-what the hell? Just how smart are you?!”

Kusuke’s face falls flat. “I’m not smart. I am average.”

That’s obviously not average! Makoto thinks, but he keeps it to himself. There’s no need to compliment this nasty fool.

“Whatever,” Makoto grumbles, and he turns around, but again Kusuke trots beside him.

“Can you just go away already?!”

“Haven’t you ever wanted to act out your fantasy?” Kusuke says with a coy smile. Makoto stops in his tracks.

“I don’t want to *act out* anything. Someday, it’s gonna actually happen, so I just have to be patient.”

Kusuke waves him off. “Fine. If you want to be stuck dreaming about your ugly little sister, then--”

“Why, you--!” This time he can’t hold back, and he smacks Kusuke in the face with the base of his knuckles. He holds back most of his strength; he doesn’t *actually* want to hurt him, just scare him off, but Kusuke still topples backwards all the same. But instead of cowering in fear, Kusuke just rubs his cheek lazily, and his expression is filled with lust.

“See? That’s *perfect*,” he purrs, and Makoto grinds his teeth. “You can hit way harder next time, though.”

“Next time?!”

Kusuke pushes back to his feet and takes a pen and a scrap of paper from his pocket and begins to scribble. “Here. This is the address to a love hotel on the outskirts of town. You meet me there this Wednesday at 8PM, and I’ll be waiting. Oh, and I’ve also included my number,” he says with a wink.

“You have the address to a love hotel memorized off the top of your head?” Makoto jeers.

“Well, yeah. I have all the names and addresses of every home and establishment in this entire city memorized.”

Makoto narrows his eyes. “You’re a freak.”

Kusuke breaks into irritating laughter again. “I know. I’ll even go first, so bring a little trinket or something that reminds you of your sister that I can wear. I’ll see you Wednesday, Touru. ”

“Don’t call me by my first name! And it’s not actually my real first name at all. My name is Makoto!”

“Alrighty then. I’ll still see you Wednesday, *Makoto*.”

“You--!” Makoto calls after him, but before he can finish, Kusuke is gone. Makoto stands on the sidewalk for a few moments longer, before he can take it no more, and then rushes back to his house. Whatever. Kokomi will be home soon, and then he can forget all about this bizarre encounter.

Kokomi does come back a few hours later, and he eavesdrops from upstairs as she tells their parents about a fun afternoon of baking with Saiki’s mother. What a relief! So that four-eyes hadn’t done anything weird to her. Not like he could, anyway.

He walks back over to his desk chair and plops down with a huff. He’s not sure *why* he hasn’t thrown away Kusuke’s note yet, but he hasn’t, and now it’s glaring up at him almost like the lens of a camera, watching his every move. It’s remarkably uncomfortable. He swipes it from the desk’s surface, and stuffs it back in his pocket, scowling.

There’s no way I’m gonna go.

He’s lying to himself, and he knows it.

Of course he will.

First Time

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Monday and Tuesday come and go, and Makoto's mind is anywhere but the present. In between ruined shots of his new show and several photoshoots he barely pays attention to, the only place his thoughts are glued is a seedy hotel room -- and its future occupant.

Saiki Kusuke is infuriating. He's conceited beyond all belief, with the most twisted view of humanity Makoto's ever heard. His ego is obviously massive, yet he still calls himself average, and Makoto's always hated people who contradict themselves like that. He's hyper-intelligent, and it makes Makoto squirm with uneasiness, knowing Kusuke's probably using his freakish smarts to analyze his every movement. After only one conversation, he's already sure of it. He hates him.

So why, then, is he going to have *sex* with him?

The easy answer is that Makoto is pent up. 18 years of lusting after his sister has gotten him absolutely nowhere, except for thrown out of his own house several times. He's definitely in it for the long haul, happy as a clam to wait patiently for Kokomi to fall into his arms, but for the time being...he's a teenage boy, and he's *horny*.

It doesn't make it any easier that many of his industry friends are constantly bragging about their sexual exploits. Many boast of a different partner every night, and he's getting tired of dodging questions about his own sex life. Sooner or later, he's going to have to start answering them. His agents have instructed him to remain chaste in the public eye, and they've promised that they'll keep the press out of his business, but behind the scenes, he can pretty much do whatever and whomever he wants.

Except for his sister, of course.

The difficult answer is something else entirely. Maybe it's Kusuke's annoying laugh, or maybe it's the urge he has to wipe that irritating grin off his pretty face. Either way, he's definitely going to go meet up with him, and he's already straining to ignore the difficult answer at all. Besides, he strongly doubts Kusuke is going to do any good impersonating Kokomi, his *perfect* angel, and at least *some* portion of him is planning to go just so he can make fun of him for it. That pathetic creep.

Wednesday finally comes, and in the morning he rummages through his things, recalling Kusuke's request to bring something that reminded him of Kokomi for him to wear. He doesn't *like* the idea of it, but it is a good point. He finds a cute green hair clip with a tiny bow that Kokomi had refused to wear since it clashed with her hair, and shoves it in his pocket. *This'll do*.

He messes up all his lines today, too, but he barely even notices. All he can watch is the clock all day, and when it's finally evening, he dons his normal disguise and bolts off to the edge of the city. Annoyingly, he'd had to text Kusuke for the first time earlier that day to get the room number to meet him in, and Kusuke's response had only been three numbers long: 203. He slinks into the building, shrouding his face as much as possible, and darts up to the elevator, slamming the button for the second floor with such might it's as if it personally offended him.

He almost turns around to go home three separate times in the hallway, but finally, he makes it to the door. He taps on it quietly, almost hoping Kusuke won't hear. His prayers go unanswered.

“Come in!” calls his voice from inside. “It’s not locked!”

That’s dumb. Someone could just walk in! It’s fine if it’s him, though. Makoto clicks open the door and enters cautiously.

When he does, his eyes fall beside the bed to Kusuke, who turns around to greet him. He’s wearing an exact replica of Kokomi’s school uniform, down to the tight white stockings that reach his thighs, and the plush red bow that rests in the center of his chest. The mint green fabric of the seifuku’s collar makes the rosiness of his skin stand out, and soft pink lipstick paints the surprisingly plush sweep of his lips. Those long eyelashes of his are tinted with black, and a slight rouge dusts his cheekbones.

Makoto’s face grows inexplicably hot.

“You look fucking weird,” he grinds out. Kusuke only laughs.

“Aww, really? I thought I looked kinda pretty.”

“You don’t.” He shuts the door behind him and skulks into the room, shedding himself of his mask, hat, and sunglasses. He tosses them unceremoniously on the floor. When he looks back up, Kusuke is pouting.

“Is that really any way to talk to your precious sister?” he snuffles. Makoto almost berates him for it, before realizing that if he’s *actually* going to do this, he might have to play along.

“I guess not.” He walks over to him, stopping about a meter short. Kusuke wastes no time in closing the distance between them.

“Have you been looking forward to this?” he hums, eyes twinkling somehow with both purity and lust.

A bead of sweat traces down the back of Makoto’s neck. “I-- I have.” Unfortunately, it’s the truth. “Here, take this.” He plucks the clip from his pocket and slips it into Kusuke’s silky hair, pinning back his bangs to expose both his eyes.

“You look...beautiful,” Makoto sighs. It’s not quite the poetic line he’d deliver to Kokomi, but it’s something nonetheless. His eyes drop to Kusuke’s body, and a surge of confidence has him shifting his hands to Kusuke’s waist, drawing the two of them closer together. Kusuke’s hands drift to Makoto’s shoulders.

“Have you ever even kissed anyone before?” he whispers. Makoto gulps.

“N-no. Kokomi’s-- *you’re* the only one that’s good enough,” he corrects. He swallows the acid that rises in his throat.

“It’s the same for me,” he says with a giggle, and Makoto suppresses his knowledge that the true answer is otherwise. In the moment, it hardly matters. “Kiss me, Makoto.”

And so he does.

Their lips crash together, slowly at first, then with a building gradation that leaves him gasping for breath as the world spins around them. His hands snake up Kusuke’s back as he dips him ever so slightly, and Kusuke kisses him harder in response. His lips glide over Makoto’s like an artist’s brush over a canvas, pushing him away only to lure him back again, and Makoto dissolves into

him like watercolors. When they finally pull away, Makoto is so dizzy he can barely stand. Kusuke giggles.

“You’re a good kisser,” Makoto exhales. Kusuke gives him a quick peck on the lips.

“So are you,” he says, threading their fingers together and leading Makoto back towards the bed, but not yet onto it. “Now kiss me more.”

Makoto complies. Their tongues twine together as they share breaths, and a surging tide of warmth spreads through him. Fireworks set off inside his chest and butterflies flap their wings in his stomach. Whatever lipstick Kusuke is wearing tastes like strawberries ripe in the middle of summer, and his heartbeat threatens to pound out of his chest. No longer able to take it, he pulls away again.

This is wrong, he thinks as he grits his teeth. *My first kiss was supposed to be with Kokomi.* Kusuke’s looking up at him expectantly.

“Something wrong?” he asks sweetly. His lips are swollen, and the pink so meticulously applied to them is smeared. Makoto wants to smear it more. Kusuke chuckles. “Don’t tell me you’re getting cold feet?”

Hearing the question alone makes him certain that he’s not. He tells Kusuke this, but Kusuke doesn’t seem entirely convinced that he’s telling the truth.

“You’re making the right decision,” he coos. “I’ll prove it to you.” Kusuke drops to his knees.

“Wh-what are you doing?!” Makoto says as Kusuke fumbles with his belt buckle. Kusuke bats his eyelashes.

“Can’t you tell?” His voice rings with innocence, despite his position. He drops his hands. “Do you not want me to?”

Something in Makoto’s pants pulses. “I...do,” he answers honestly, and that’s all Kusuke needs to hear to make short work of his belt as he casts it aside, then he glares up at Makoto as he unzips his fly with his teeth. Makoto’s jaw hangs open.

“Did you not know I was capable of such things?” he says. Makoto can only shake his head. Kusuke winks up at him, then pulls what he wants out of Makoto’s boxers. Kusuke’s lips trace its tip with the gentleness of a passing breeze, and an icy shudder rips through him. When he presses harder, Makoto’s knees nearly buckle, but Kusuke gives him no time to recover. He devours Makoto’s entire length into his throat until his mouth is stuffed, and he chokes back a cough. When Kusuke lets out a low hum, the vibration tickles, and Makoto curls his toes.

Kusuke’s fingers wrap around his base, and he edges it up and down, his skillful tongue undulating over the maze of its sensitive veins. Makoto rakes his hand into Kusuke’s hair, moaning as he tugs on the base of its roots, and Kusuke moans back in response. When he looks up, eyes that were clouded when they first met now roil with a brewing storm, and Makoto finds himself caught in the rain, but with no intention to duck for cover. This time, he’s embracing it. He has to fight to keep his hips steady. Kusuke stops for a moment to catch his breath, and a thin twine of his saliva mixed with Makoto’s saltiness keeps the tip connected to his glistening lips.

“That’s enough,” Makoto says, and Kusuke frowns, until he pulls him back to his feet, wipes his lips, and kisses him hard. “*I want you.*”

They collapse onto the bed, Makoto toppling above him in a heap, and their limbs tangle together

as he parts Kusuke's legs carefully with his own. Kusuke writhes beneath him, breath quickening in between kisses, and Makoto hikes a hand up to Kusuke's waistband -- then he pauses. His whole body feels like it's on fire. Kusuke must have been able to tell, because he smiles up at him.

"Don't be nervous," Kusuke purrs.

"I'm not!" He is. He swallows hard, then Makoto lifts up the edge of Kusuke's skirt, and scowls when he sees what's underneath.

"You're even wearing panties?" he says with disgust, breaking their act for a brief moment. "Just how much of a pervert are you?"

Kusuke wipes some of Makoto's saliva off the corner of his own mouth and taps it on Makoto's nose. "Big talk, coming from someone with your hands down them."

"I'm not taking them off," Makoto growls. He pulls the fabric just enough to the side to expose what he needs. "There's certain stuff I'd rather not see down there."

He can *feel* it, of course, its hardness tangible through the thin fabric, and he's doing his best to avoid touching it. Or thinking about it. Doing so makes his own tingle in a way he'd rather not try to understand.

Kusuke feigns offense. "You meanie."

"Whatever." He climbs on top of Kusuke and pins him down, ready to enter, until Kusuke frantically waves his hands to stop him.

"Y-you can't just put it in like that!" Kusuke's character cracks for a moment, and he reaches into the bedside table to pull out a bottle of lube. "Use this first. It'll feel better for both of us."

"Uh...okay." Makoto squeezes a generous amount into his palm and slicks himself up with it, then with his fingers still wet, rubs some on Kusuke's entrance as well. He wipes his fingers off on the bedsheets, then glides his hand to take hold of Kusuke's thigh and drapes the limb over his shoulder. Kusuke's breath hitches in anticipation.

"Please be careful with me." Kusuke's eyes water, lips trembling, and Makoto weakens.

"I will."

In a single swift motion, he plunges into Kusuke.

Makoto gasps. It's unlike *anything* he's ever felt before -- his hand can't even begin to compare. It's warm, *hot*, and his body begins to scorch from the sensation. Kusuke's tight walls grip him hungrily, coaxing him in deeper, and Makoto's helpless against their pull. He sinks in further, and Kusuke quivers.

"Fuck," Makoto breathes. "You feel *amazing*." His elbows buckle ever so slightly, and Kusuke's hands drag to his chest to keep him propped up.

"Not as amazing as you, *Makoto*," he says, putting extra stress on the name that sounds like poison off his tongue, voice dripping with the sweetness of molten honey. He wriggles his hips, attempting to slide all the way down to Makoto's hilt. Makoto is more than happy to oblige.

He shoves Kusuke's knees up to drive into him harder, and Kusuke whines with pleasure and asks for more. For a brief moment he's even glad this isn't really Kokomi, otherwise he'd worry about

splitting him in two. Kusuke clutches his shoulders tighter and locks his legs around Makoto's waist, shooting a bolt of pleasure like lightning down his spine.

Kusuke squirms beneath him, their eyes meet, and then they're kissing each other again, almost desperately. Kusuke's sweat smells almost saccharine, and Makoto drinks it in. Their hips rock back and forth, melding together, until Makoto can no longer tell where his skin ends and Kusuke's begins.

"You're so handsome," Kusuke sighs as he traces the clean lines of Makoto's jaw. Something in Makoto's chest clenches.

"My beauty is nothing compared to yours," he replies, tilting up the edge of Kusuke's shirt to reveal his slender stomach. He traces his fingertips over its curves, and Kusuke blushes. "I keep waiting for wings to flutter from your back so I can lay you upon their feathers."

Kusuke's blush deepens.

"I want to please *you* now," he suddenly decides, and he rises up against Makoto's torso and pushes him out with the pads of his feet, flipping their positions so he's on top. He straddles Makoto, whose hands wander to Kusuke's hips. Slowly, he lowers himself down, imprisoning Makoto beneath his slim body. Makoto clamps his teeth down on his tongue to keep from cursing again under his breath.

Kusuke's hand steadies himself against Makoto's chest as he begins to move up and down. Soon after, he's panting, and Makoto keeps their rhythm flowing by gripping his fingers into the pockets of Kusuke's hipbones to follow his pace. When Kusuke finally shoves himself all the way down and grinds against him, Makoto bucks back harder, and Kusuke claps a hand over his own mouth. His face burns a deep shade of crimson. Makoto reaches up to Kusuke's wrist and tenderly removes it from his face.

"Don't," he mutters. "I wanna hear your voice."

Both of Kusuke's hands fall to Makoto's abdomen, and he slams himself harder against him, the hem of Kusuke's skirt brushing against Makoto's hips with each rise and fall of his own. The bed rocks and creaks like an old boat caught in a thunderstorm, and all Makoto wants is to drown.

"*Harder!*" Kusuke pleads, and Makoto's lips stretch into an involuntary smile as he gives him what he asks for. If he closes his eyes, Kusuke's soft whimpers almost sound like a woman's, and he lets his imagination fill in the rest: he wraps both hands around Kusuke's tiny waist, and shoves himself in and out of him over and over, the tops of his thighs colliding with the supple flesh of Kusuke's backside each time. He jerks a hand back and digs his nails into it, and Kusuke cries out, so he squeezes harder.

They're entwined for what feels like hours, pressing against each other, with tongues, fingers, teeth. Finally, the pressure mounts almost unbearably, and he's nearly crushed -- until waves of release crash over his entire body, spilling into Kusuke's insides. Kusuke's spine arcs towards him as his own climax soon follows. After a few moments, Kusuke falters, nearly falling over, so Makoto jerks up and catches him. He rests him down gently on the bed beside him.

The two lie together for a long while, before Kusuke eventually rolls off the bed to his feet, dusting himself off. There's a sticky stain on the front of his panties, and he points to it and giggles.

"You know, you're going to have to acknowledge the fact that I'm actually a boy next time," he says sheepishly, scratching the back of his head.

“Are you? I barely noticed,” Makoto deadpans.

Kusuke fake-frowns. “So rude...just try and keep that same attitude in mind for next time when it’s my turn.”

Makoto raises an eyebrow. “You keep saying that, but what makes you think there’s *going* to be a next time?”

Kusuke thrusts his hands to his hips, his usual smug grin returning, and all of a sudden, Makoto remembers that he actually hates this guy.

“Well, how was it?” he asks. Makoto huffs and turns away.

“...I’ll keep the attitude thing in mind for next time.” He won’t give Kusuke, now that he’s clearly *Kusuke* again, any compliments. That answer gives him all he needs to know.

“Great!” he chirps, and he gathers up his things with pep and flits into the bathroom. When he emerges, he’s dressed in normal clothes. There’s an energetic spring in his step, and it makes Makoto scowl, because he, on the other hand, is *exhausted*. “Text me later, then!”

“I’m not--!” he starts, but Kusuke leaves before he can finish, and he wonders if this is going to become a pattern since it was how their first meeting ended as well. He hopes not. But it probably will.

A few minutes later, he lazily checks his watch. “10:00?!” he says out loud. He scrambles up and throws his clothes and disguise back on. He dashes downstairs, asks the front clerk to call him a cab, and when he gets home, he climbs in through his window. He’ll deal with his parents tomorrow. He’ll likely concoct some sort of lie about staying late on set and not wanting to wake them. They’ll believe him. They always do. He’s an actor, after all.

The hot water from his shower sears his skin, but no matter how hard he scrubs, he can’t seem to get all of the *Kusuke* off of him. Even worse, he’s not even sure if he really wants to -- but that thought only makes him scrub harder. Once he’s dressed, he trips over to his desk, and Makoto deflates back into his chair, staring up at the ceiling.

I had sex with Kusuke. I’m not a virgin anymore.

His stomach feels queasy, but other than that...he has to admit, it was *fun*. It was painfully obvious how experienced Kusuke is, and he begrudgingly realizes he’ll have to do some research before they see each other next so he can better please whatever weird degradation kink he seems to have. Even more begrudgingly, he realizes *he’s* going to have to be the one to text Kusuke if he wants to meet up with him again.

And worst of all, he’s genuinely looking forward to it.

He trudges to his feet, flops back onto his bed, and falls asleep before his head even hits the pillow.

This was my first time ever writing smut, but it was a blast! Hope you liked it. Next time it's Kusuke's turn, and it's going to be *significantly* dirtier and rougher than Makoto's. You have been warned.

The New Role

Chapter Notes

Makoto is such a fuckboy. Kusuke is such a little shit.

God, they're perfect for each other.

It's been five days now, and Makoto still has yet to text Kusuke.

In his defense, he hasn't heard from Kusuke, either, and he knows he has his number. Kusuke *did* say to text him first, but that's still no excuse. Okay, maybe it is. But he still wants to blame Kusuke anyways. What can he say? Kusuke is just so *aggravating*. Every time he thinks about him, he gets annoyed. He gets especially annoyed when he thinks about Kusuke's stupid face with makeup smeared from their kisses, and how *weird* he looked all sweaty wearing his precious Kokomi's uniform.

It's been easier around Kokomi these last few days. Just a little bit, but enough to make some sort of tangible difference. He almost goes into her room once to lay on her bed and inhale her womanly scent off her panties, but thinking of the ones Kusuke wore makes him turn around. For some reason. He's not one to overanalyze. Or ever analyze at all.

That said, it's still not nearly enough. She still slaps him when his hands wander while hugging her, and when she caught him licking the plate she ate dinner off of one night, she still broke it over his head. She still lords over his every passing thought, her name caught in his every breath, her face every time he closes his eyes. Why on earth would one night with that shitty four-eyes' *brother* change anything about that? Kusuke's face is more punchable than kissable. He's a great kisser, though, but that feels irrelevant.

He checks his phone. Still nothing. Does he even *want* to see Kusuke again? After all, it is Makoto's turn to play the sibling, and he has no interest pretending to be his arch-enemy, his primary rival in love. Saiki is no comparison to him in every way, but it still pisses him off that Kokomi seems to want to spend more time with him than she does with her dear, loving brother. Maybe roughing Kusuke up will let him blow off some steam. That way, whenever he sees that pink-haired asshole, he can be at least a little comforted by the memory of pounding his older brother like a sledgehammer to a dented nail. That'll show him.

And speaking of doing such, when he'd first met Kusuke, all he'd wanted was a chance to rip the smile from his smarmy face. Now that he finally has one, he has to somehow make sure Kusuke *enjoys* it? Or would actively trying to make him *not* enjoy it make him enjoy it? Or would -- and now Makoto has a headache.

Besides, he hadn't really been *trying* to get Kusuke off while they were sleeping together. It had just sort of happened. Kusuke seemed to know how to get Makoto off, though, which probably had something to do with his freakish intelligence. Or his freakish perviness. Would Kusuke make that same kind of effort if they sleep together again? And if he doesn't, will Makoto somehow have to finish by himself? Will he even *want* to? He can't even pretend Kusuke is a girl this time. Nope. He's just straight up gonna have *sex* with a *guy*.

Well, not *straight* up. Makoto *is* straight, though. The idea of fucking Kusuke senseless until he cries makes Makoto feel things he's never felt before, and he often needs to excuse himself from set for a while to take care of *certain things* if he accidentally thinks about it, but he's still *definitely* straight. Yep. Nothing to worry about here. Kusuke did something nice for him, and now he just has to return the favor. Simple as that.

He checks his phone again. *Okay, this is getting ridiculous.* Before he can second guess himself, he begins to type.

'what are you up to this week'

He presses 'send,' then immediately regrets it. It sounds like something two *friends* might say if they wanted to catch up, not two people with mutual loathing only using each other to alleviate the sexual strain from their massive sibling complexes. Whatever. Kusuke will probably get the point. His phone buzzes a few minutes later, and he whips it out of his pocket far quicker than he'd care to admit.

'Building an orbital defense system for the government. Why?'

Makoto scowls. First of all, what the fuck? Isn't this guy only one year older than him? Why is Kusuke doing a job an entire team of people with decades of experience would do over the course of many years in a *week*? Makoto huffs. He's talented in his own way! He's Japan's top idol, after all. He serves the people just as much, if not more, than an orbital defense system will.

'i meant at night you idiot'

That's better. No way he'll get confused now.

'Flying to Dubai on my jetpack to speak at a robotics convention.'

Is this guy a fucking joke? He's either actually that dense, or he's just messing with Makoto. Probably the latter, but Makoto doesn't want to drag out this conversation any longer than he has to.

'have sex with me'

'Oh ;)'

Makoto nearly dropkicks his phone into the sun.

'ugh just shut the fuck up and tell me when you're free'

'How can I tell you when I'm free if I shut the fuck up?'

That's it. Makoto jams his phone into his pocket. He doesn't really want to see Kusuke again anyways, he tells himself. He marches off back towards his photoshoot, when suddenly one of his aides pads over to him, waving the phone he uses exclusively for work.

"Mugami-sama! There's someone on the line asking for you!"

His eyes light up. "Is it about that new crime show I auditioned for?"

She shrugs. "I don't know. They claimed to be a producer of yours and said it was urgent."

Makoto swipes the phone from her hand. "Thanks!" He dashes off somewhere he can get some peace and quiet to receive the good news. It's always good news. He always gets the part.

“So when do I start?” he says with panache as he picks up the phone.

“How about tomorrow night?” the voice on the other end of the line purrs, and Makoto almost cracks the screen.

“*Kusuke?!*”

Then there’s that annoying laugh again.

“You look so cute when you’re mad!” he teases. Makoto clenches his fists so hard his knuckles turn white.

“How the fuck did you get this number?” he shouts into the phone. “And how the hell do you know what I look like right now?!”

“Triangulated the signal from your texts and tapped into nearby phone lines,” he explains. “And I hacked the security system in your building. Wave to the camera in the corner of the room and say hi to me!”

Makoto flips it off. “You’re such a creep!”

Kusuke cackles on the other end of the line.

“So I’m cute when I’m mad, huh? I thought all humans looked like monkeys to you,” Makoto says through gritted teeth.

“Yeah, but everyone likes to go to the zoo every once in a while.”

“I’m hanging up.”

“Wait!”

“What?!”

Kusuke clears his throat. “I wasn’t kidding about tomorrow night.” Makoto can practically *hear* the pervy grin on his face.

Makoto flushes. “Oh.” He swallows hard. “Uhh...same time and place?”

Kusuke laughs again. “No, I’ll text you with a new one. So actually reply to me this time so I don’t have to use your cameras to make sure you got it.”

“Or you could just, you know, not be weird.”

“What fun would that be?”

Makoto rolls his eyes. “Whatever. Fine. I’ll reply. I gotta go now, so, uh...good luck at your convention thing tonight, I guess.”

Kusuke makes a disgusted sound. “Ew, don’t wish me luck. I don’t need that from *you*. Just show up tomorrow ready to fuck me until I faint.” And with that, Kusuke hangs up. Makoto tries to spend the rest of the day avoiding letting his thoughts dwell on Kusuke’s words.

He fails. Miserably.

He has the next day off, so he spends it locked in his room trying to read up on whatever it seems Kusuke may be into. There are a few written guides he skims, but they aren't nearly as fun as doing video research. Some may call it 'watching porn,' but to Makoto, it's *definitely* research. He just hopes it'll work somewhat the same if it's two guys rather than a guy and a girl. He still can't bring himself to look on *that* section of the website yet. Just the thought of touching one other than his own is scary enough. He's still gonna do it, though. It's only fair.

The new hotel is a lot different than the first. For one, it's a lot more modern, and a *lot* nicer. Kusuke must've really splurged. Makoto should really pay next time. He ignores the fact that he's already planning the next time, and instead just makes a beeline for the staircase. He figures Kusuke hasn't locked the door this time, either, and he's proven right when the door swings open and Kusuke's sitting on the bed, staring at his phone. He's wearing a crisp black button down and black pleated slacks matched with a bright white tie, and there's a lab coat draped over his shoulders. He must've just gotten back from his convention not too long ago. His hair is once again covering up his face, and he can't decide if it's better or worse that Kusuke isn't wearing any makeup this time.

"You trying to impress me or something?" Makoto says. Kusuke jumps, as if he's startled.

"Huh?"

"This place. How much did it cost?"

"What? I don't remember. I didn't check."

Makoto whips his head around the room. The futuristic silver furniture looks like it's been pulled right out of a movie set, and the plush ivory bed is so big it could probably fit a horse.

"The hell do you mean *you didn't check?*"

Kusuke snorts. "Uh, it just didn't really matter, I guess? I don't think you understand that I'm probably richer than you are. Then again, you don't understand a *lot* of things."

Makoto's jaw drops. "No way!"

Kusuke tucks his hands behind his head and leans back into the headboard. "Do you *realize* how well tech consulting pays?"

Makoto grunts. No, he doesn't. He takes off his disguise and sets it on the TV stand with a little more spite than he'd intended. Kusuke breaks into giggles.

"Will you cut it out?!" Makoto snaps. Kusuke gives him a sultry glance.

"Make me."

"Have I told you yet how much I hate you?"

"Ooh, keep going."

Makoto rolls his eyes. *This is a terrible idea.* He walks up to the bed anyways. Kusuke reaches his hand into his front pocket, and before he pulls anything out --

"It's gonna be a pair of those damn green glasses, isn't it?" Makoto says with annoyance. Kusuke finishes withdrawing the item, and gives Makoto a congratulatory clap when he's proven right.

“Ding ding! You got it right! Maybe I misjudged you. Perhaps you have four brain cells instead of three.”

Makoto huffs. “Whatever. Anything that makes me see *you* less clearly is a win in my book.”

“You know, you might actually be good at this,” he coos.

“Because I genuinely can’t stand you!”

Kusuke fake-moans. Makoto almost leaves. He doesn’t, though, and instead swipes the glasses from Kusuke’s hands with apparent annoyance. He glares at them with disdain. The thought of wearing something *specifically* to emulate Saiki makes his stomach churn.

“Well? Put them on,” Kusuke says as he gestures impatiently. Makoto swallows the lump that forms in his throat.

“Wait, wait, wait. Don’t we need to establish some ground rules first?” Makoto says, half because it was on one of the websites he read, and half because he’s stalling.

“Rules?” Kusuke repeats. Makoto rubs his temples.

“I dunno, man! Like, what are you okay with?”

“Pretty much anything,” Kusuke replies, tone almost mocking. Makoto smacks a palm into his forehead.

“I don’t know what the hell that means,” he groans, “but shouldn’t we at least have a safe word or something?”

“Oh, I guess that’s a good point.” Kusuke taps his finger on his chin a moment before responding. “How about ‘psychic’?”

“‘Psychic’?” Makoto parrots. It’s kind of a strange choice, and he seemed to come up with it awfully quick; but it’s definitely not something they’d ever accidentally say, so he supposes it’ll work. He must’ve been standing there a long time, because Kusuke flings a pillow at him.

“Okay. Now that we’ve gotten that established, can you tell me what exactly you’re *waiting* for?”

He’s an actor, for crying out loud. He makes a living off pretending. The least he can do is pretend to not be nervous. He clears his throat, rakes a hand back through his hair, puts his game face on, and pushes the glasses up the bridge of his nose.

“Strip,” he commands. Kusuke’s eyes widen, but he doesn’t move. He seems almost too surprised to do so.

Makoto lets out an exasperated sigh. “Listen, I know you’re useless, but I thought you’d at least know what the word ‘strip’ means. Or are you really that dumb?”

Kusuke blinks, then sheds his coat. Makoto gestures in annoyance for him to continue. He does.

With each article of clothing Kusuke removes, Makoto feels his face growing even more hot. *This is so awkward*, he thinks, and he pushes the glasses a little lower on his face, just to hide the crimson dust that creeps up his cheeks.

When Kusuke’s clothes are finally gone, and he sits back down on the bed, it dawns on Makoto that this is the first time he’s ever seen Kusuke naked. They’d both been fully clothed their first

time together. Should he take his off now too? For the moment, he decides against it, and instead glares Kusuke up and down.

He hates to admit it, but Kusuke is *attractive*. Like, *really* attractive. Despite his slenderness, his subtle musculature is well-defined -- a healthy contrast to him, who's often told he's carved like the statue of a Greek god. There's an arcane artistic quality etched into his soft features, and Makoto grapples with the urge to brush the rest of Kusuke's hair out of his face, just so he can see both of those *eyes*.

Nothing like Kokomi's, though, he internally corrects. Though he can't suppress the feeling that for the first time, that doesn't really sound like such a bad thing. *Wait, yes it is!*

"Good grief, you're disgusting," he sighs, remembering that shitty four-eyes' signature words. Something flashes across Kusuke's face. "Now get yourself off."

"Wait, what?!" Kusuke protests.

Makoto puts his hands on his hips. "You heard me."

"Y-you're not gonna do anything?"

"Yes I am," Makoto corrects. "I'm going to *watch*." That, amongst other things. He has a *lot* in mind for afterwards, but Kusuke doesn't need to know that.

Yet.

Kusuke snakes his hand down lower, finally grasping his surprisingly impressive length, and begins to massage its tip slowly. Makoto had promised to watch, but fixing his intent gaze on it stirs something deep inside him that he can't quite identify -- nor does he want to. It doesn't make him squeamish like discomfort, nor nauseous like disgust; but *something* about it makes him dizzy, so much so that he quickly decides it's a mix of those two emotions before his mind goes somewhere he *really* doesn't like.

Somewhere maybe like *hungry*.

When Kusuke drops his head in shame, his hair shrouds more of his face, and Makoto clears his throat.

"Look at me," he demands. "I want you to see how disgusted I am by you." Kusuke obeys, and his face heats up significantly. His breaths are growing more ragged, and sweat begins to crown on his visible temple. His strokes become longer and rougher, and more blood rushes to his face, and it takes all of Makoto's strength to ignore the blood that rushes elsewhere in his *own* body, and it screams for his attention.

"Aren't you embarrassed to be doing this in front of your little brother?" Makoto says as he folds his arms across his chest. It's definitely not to calm himself down or anything. Kusuke *does* look embarrassed, but it seems to be turning him on even more. He looks entirely indecent, panting like a dog trapped in a hot car, and Makoto's almost surprised that he doesn't start whining. In fact, he's *disappointed* that he's not. Finally, Makoto can take it no longer.

"Come." Kusuke does, almost immediately. It drenches the bedsheets in front of him, and he lets out a muffled whimper. When he's finished, he starts to catch his breath, but Makoto has no intention of letting him do so.

"Lick it up."

Panic plasters itself on Kusuke's face. "Wh-what?!"

"Do I seriously need to repeat myself for you?"

Tears prick the corners of Kusuke's eyes, but cautiously, he bends down and begins to lap it up. He tucks his choppy strands of hair behind his ear, ensuring Makoto can fully see everything he's doing, in all his debased glory. Makoto gulps.

"If you spill even a single drop of that, I'm leaving."

Somehow, he doesn't. When he's finished, he wipes the corners of his mouth and licks his fingers, then sticks out his tongue to show Makoto there's nothing left.

"Good boy."

Kusuke's face is burning, but he seems to be in pure bliss. Makoto heaves a sigh, then unbuttons his own shirt slowly and tosses it behind him, shaking his head.

"You're enjoying this way too much."

"Sorry," Kusuke says with a sheepish grin, but he doesn't look sorry at all. When Makoto reaches the bed, he shoves his fingers in Kusuke's mouth, and without even having to ask, Kusuke begins to suck on them obediently. Strands of saliva trace down the sharp contours of Makoto's wrist in lascivious tracks.

"Be less sloppy," he jeers. There's an apologetic glint in Kusuke's eyes, which glows almost emerald through the lime lens' filter -- though in this position, there's no way he could say sorry even if he wanted to. The shine dripping from his lips is painfully enticing, and he *knows* what Kusuke's mouth is capable of, but he's far too impatient now, and the ache that pangs through his pants can only be satiated by one thing. He unbuckles his belt and unzips his jeans, then slams Kusuke against the headboard so hard he must be seeing stars.

"Open your legs." Kusuke submits all too quickly. Without breaking eye contact, Makoto oils himself up with the lubricant from the drawer beside them -- and rams himself entirely inside Kusuke with all his strength in one motion.

"Ow!" Kusuke cries, and Makoto almost stops, before recalling it's definitely not their safe word. *That's right. Kusuke wants pain.* He grits his teeth.

"You're so *weak*," Makoto spits, and he jams into Kusuke again, running his greedy hands up his sides and digging his fingers in the channels of Kusuke's ribs. "How am I this much stronger than you?"

Kusuke bites back a sob. "I-I don't know," he gasps in between shallow breaths, struggling in vain against Makoto's far superior strength. "Please put me in my place."

And so he does. The harder Makoto presses, the more he can feel Kusuke's heartbeat thumping with the rhythm of a struck drum, its staccato pulsing from gentle waves through his fingertips then amplifying into a tidal surge through Makoto's veins. Each time he hammers into Kusuke again, Kusuke tightens around him, begging him to go further, deeper. His tangled hair sticks flush to his temples with sweat, and his breaths are a symphony of pained gasps and choked groans.

"*Please touch me*," Kusuke whines, and Makoto realizes that he actually wouldn't mind doing so, if he didn't think Kusuke would find infinitely more pleasure in his refusal to comply. Another moment passes, and Kusuke reaches a hand down to do it himself, but Makoto smacks it away.

“Do you realize how lucky you are that someone like me even comes *close* to such a filthy thing as you?” Makoto hisses, with such disdain that he almost believes it.

Kusuke’s eyes veil themselves, and he bites his lip and nods.

“Say it.”

“I’m lucky.”

“Say you don’t deserve it.”

“I don’t deserve it.”

This guy needs professional help.

“Damn right you don’t.” And he plows into Kusuke again.

Each thrust spins Makoto like vertigo, and his grasp on his self-control loosens, with the danger of fingertips slipping from a window’s ledge. There’s no smug grin on Kusuke’s face now -- just a panting degenerate overwhelmed with pleasure, raking his desperate nails in claw marks across Makoto’s back.

Kusuke’s eyes plead up at him. “Kiss me.”

Makoto’s face hardens, and he spits on Kusuke’s mouth. Kusuke cringes.

“No.”

Kusuke whines beneath him, and Makoto has to squeeze his eyes shut in a feeble attempt to stop the sensory overload; but it’s impossible to escape the delicious satisfaction of reducing *Kusuke*, so cocky and conceited, to nothing more than a whimpering mess.

“You sicken me,” Makoto grunts. “I don’t wanna look at you anymore.”

He throws Kusuke over onto all fours, mounts him, then Makoto rams full-force inside, and Kusuke’s strength wavers -- so he tightens his grip, and he tries not to notice how perfectly his broad hands fit in the soft bows of Kusuke’s waist, like the final pieces of a puzzle made only for him. He *tries*, but instead he’s mesmerized by how smoothly his palms glide over Kusuke’s flawless alabaster skin, now marred with purple fingerprints.

His fingerprints.

Fuck.

He grabs a fistful of Kusuke’s hair and wrenches up his head from the base of its roots, and forces him to look at himself in the mirror on the wall beside them.

“Look how pathetic you are,” he snaps. The figure reflected back is a perfect depiction of the word: shoulders nicked and bruised, eyes damp from involuntary tears, a thin trail of red dripping from his nostril. Kusuke averts his gaze.

“I said *look!*” Makoto thrusts again, and Kusuke’s whole body trembles as he cries out. He jerks on Kusuke’s locks harder, so that the only place Kusuke’s eyes could possibly fall is the mirror’s glassy surface. The corners of Kusuke’s mouth twitch into a depraved smile.

“You’re right,” he coughs. “I look absolutely pathetic.”

The look in his vacant stare is completely dead, and Makoto shoves Kusuke's face back into the mangled bedsheets so he doesn't have to see it a moment longer.

He continues to ravage Kusuke hungrily, each thrash of his hips messy and rough. Kusuke's intoxicating moans seem almost fatal, and Makoto gets the distinct impression that if he dies, it was totally worth it.

Then all of a sudden, it *feels* like he's about to die, and a bright and blinding light blurs his vision; when he finally comes back to the world of the living, Kusuke's insides are dripping, and there's a damp spot beneath Kusuke's hips as well. They're both utterly breathless, and once Makoto has the strength to pull back out, it becomes all too apparent that Kusuke was the only thing keeping him upright -- because he instantly topples back into the pillows. Soon after, Kusuke does the same.

Neither of them says a word for a solid five minutes, and Makoto racks his brain for more information on what all the BDSM sites taught him about aftercare. Apparently, it's an important step for people to come back to reality after crazy shit happens in the bedroom: something about paying attention to the other person's physical, mental, and emotional needs. But this is *Kusuke* in question. Does the guy even *have* emotions? Regardless, he can't escape the innate human guilt of doing what he just did to him, no matter how hot it was -- which it wasn't, of course, because he's super straight -- and he feels like he has to at least *try*.

"Uhhh..." he starts, but quickly realizes he has no idea where he's going -- but who can blame him? He's lucky his entire brain isn't mush after the last hour and a half. His body feels like it is. He can't even *imagine* what Kusuke must be feeling.

"What?" Kusuke snaps back, glaring at him through bored, heavy-lidded eyes. *Well, at least he looks like himself again.*

"Do you wanna, uh..." His mind draws a blank. Kusuke stares at him expectantly.

"Do I wanna what?"

Makoto scratches the back of his neck awkwardly. "I dunno, like, cuddle or something?"

Kusuke snorts. "That's gay."

"You're gay!"

"Yeah, but you're not."

Makoto sighs. *Damn asshole.* "I'm trying to be nice here."

"I don't need *you* to be *nice* to me."

Makoto scoffs. "You always have a comeback for everything, don't you?"

Kusuke taps his temple, lips stretching into the fakest grin Makoto's ever seen. "Thanks, it's a gift."

And there's another thing that puzzles him. It's beyond irritating, but Kusuke is clearly brilliant. He never misses a single beat during any of their conversations, and his skills with technology are far beyond human capability. Makoto fidgets uncomfortably.

"So you know it's a gift."

Kusuke shrugs. "It's nothing special."

"Jeez, what kind of insane inferiority complex do you have? You're obviously a genius, and your brother is just some average shitty four-eyes. How is there even a comparison there?"

Kusuke frowns, and for a moment, he seems genuinely saddened, and then he turns away. He pulls the sheets up to cover himself.

"I'm not a genius. I am average," he grumbles, "and you don't know anything about Kusuo."

"Yeah, but I know *some* stuff about *you*."

Kusuke shifts beside him. Makoto taps him on the shoulder.

"Oi, don't ignore me." Makoto's not sure *why* it bothers him, but it does. Kusuke looks over at him and raises an eyebrow.

"I thought you didn't like me," he says, a bit playfully.

"I don't! You're just selling yourself short, that's all."

Kusuke rolls his eyes. "Thinking is clearly not a strength of yours. You're better off *pretending* to be a detective on screen than you are in real life."

"Hey!" Makoto's not really insulted, since it's only Kusuke saying it -- right? -- but then something else hits him. "Wait a minute. How did you know I star in a detective show? I thought you said before that you didn't know who I was."

Kusuke snorts. "I didn't. I did some research. You think I'm just gonna hop into bed with someone I know nothing about?"

Makoto huffs. *He* did. Kusuke clearly realizes this a few moments later, and breaks into a fit of giggles. It only lasts a few seconds, though, because then he starts to cough. A pang of guilt knocks the wind from Makoto's chest.

"Hey! Are you okay?"

Kusuke laughs. "Relax, I'm fine. Honestly, I'm kinda impressed. Speaking of research, how much did *you* do before today? You seemed to really know your stuff."

"None!" Makoto lies, and his face blooms red when Kusuke clearly sees right through it.

"Oh man, you're hilarious."

"Shut up," Makoto grumbles, and he folds his arms and pouts. Kusuke pushes shakily to a sitting position.

"I'm gonna go shower," he says, and he almost gets up, before he notices Makoto glowering at him. "Uh, why are you staring at me like that?"

"You wanted me to kiss you," Makoto answers.

"Yeah, while we were fucking. And it was hot that you didn't."

"I still feel guilty, though."

Kusuke lifts up the edge of the covers and points to a particularly nasty bruise on his hip. “You don’t feel guilty about *this* , but you *do* feel guilty about not kissing me?”

Makoto shrugs. It sounds stupid when he says it out loud. He tells him this, and Kusuke laughs at him.

“That’s actually kinda cute.”

“No it isn’t!” Makoto shoots back.

“It *is*,” Kusuke says. “And if you feel so bad about it, then here.”

He leans forwards, eyelids fluttering shut. Makoto’s heart seizes in his chest.

“Wait, what are you--”

Kusuke cuts him off. Makoto was right: Kusuke not letting him finish his sentences is *definitely* going to become a pattern.

This time, though, he doesn’t really mind.

Their lips press together, and Kusuke parts Makoto’s lips with his own, his familiar sweet and salty taste coating Makoto’s tongue. It’s light and airy, much like Kusuke himself. He leans in closer, and Makoto surprises even himself when he shifts to rest both hands on Kusuke’s shoulders, rotating them inwards towards his own chest. Slowly, he lowers him down, climbing atop him with careful grace, as one hand weaves their fingers together and the other slips behind Kusuke’s back. He’s not sure how long they spend tangled together, chest against chest, tongue against tongue, but when they finally pull apart they’re both fighting for the air between the tips of their noses.

“You like kissing me,” Kusuke hums. Makoto scowls.

“I like *kissing*,” he admits. “The fact that it’s *you* ruins it a little.”

“Maybe a little,” Kusuke counters, and he taps Makoto on the nose, “but not enough.”

Makoto groans. “Ugh, just go shower.”

Kusuke chuckles and rises to his feet. “I was *gonna*, before you stuck your tongue down my throat.”

“Just go already!”

Kusuke winks back at him, and after he finishes his shower, Makoto does the same. Once he emerges and throws on his clothes, Kusuke is already dressed to leave, and he’s staring at his phone again as he types hurriedly on its screen. Makoto clears his throat.

“You have to text *me* first next time,” Makoto tells him. Kusuke grins.

“Fine. I guess my masculinity isn’t as fragile as yours.”

“What masculinity?” Makoto shoots back. This only makes Kusuke laugh harder. He gets up to go, but before he does, he pads over to Makoto and gives him a quick peck on the cheek. Makoto’s face burns. “What the hell was that for?!”

“To annoy you,” Kusuke says on his way out. Makoto opens his mouth to fight back, but no words

come out. “Bye bye, Makoto.”

“Uhh...bye.” And then, he’s gone.

Makoto can’t decide if he’d preferred when Kusuke never let him bid farewell, but he’s fairly sure that now, he doesn’t.

Days Apart

Chapter Notes

Added more tags because there's gonna be more plot in this than originally planned. Hey, there can't be porn in **every** chapter. Don't worry, they're still gonna fuck each others' brains out, like, a million more times. This fic is also going to be longer than I previously expected, but I think that's a good thing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---Thursday---

Makoto wrenches a tissue from the box with such frustrated force it shreds in half. He does the same thing to two more, too, all unintentionally. Is he doomed to have his right hand remain gross forever? Finally, the fourth time's the charm, and he wipes off his hand and throws all the ripped tissues into the trash can. Then he kicks it over. It spills. He almost screams.

He doesn't though, somehow, and he flops onto his bed and zips his pants back up. It's been two days now since he last saw Kusuke. He wasn't expecting to hear from him the day after, but today, too? Not like he cares or anything. He's just a little surprised. Kusuke *did* say he was great in bed. Well, he didn't use those exact words, but still. It doesn't really matter. Right?

He glares at the toppled trash can with unwarranted spite. He's definitely been more...on *edge* lately. But that's understandable, isn't it? He's still technically a teenager with hormones running wild, and they've been off the charts now that he's finally lost his virginity. So who can blame him for thinking more about sex?

What's slightly more annoying, though, is that especially since Tuesday, Kusuke's face keeps popping up in his fantasies. He's not *purposefully* fantasizing about that stuck-up asshole, it's just that he's far more real and accessible to his recent memory than anything with Kokomi has been so far. He still fantasizes about her way more, of course, but if that pervy genius twink could *please* get the hell out of his headspace, he'd be very appreciative, thank you very much.

He starts to pick up the scattered tissues. There are way more of them than he'd previously thought. It's not *that* bad if he accidentally thinks about Kusuke while jerking off, right? What's he supposed to do, block it out of his memory? The human brain doesn't work like that. Listen, some visual and auditory stimuli are *supposed* to elicit this type of physical reaction! And Kusuke did *all* of them! So this actually isn't Makoto's fault at all. He's literally just being a human being. Could anyone ask him to *not* be a human? No. That's insanity. Stop being insane.

He walks back over to his desk chair and plops back in it with a huff. Then he checks his phone again. Still nothing. He opens up his laptop and begins to type into Gøgle.

'*Saiki Kusuke.*' He presses 'Enter.' This isn't weird, by the way. Kusuke had done research on *him*, and now he's just doing the same. Kusuke even called Makoto out for not knowing anything about him, so he's really just avoiding more of Kusuke's annoying teasing by doing this. Perfectly logical. It would be weird if he *didn't* do this. He clicks the first result.

It's from a year ago, and the headline reads: *Cambridge University PhD Candidate wins Breakthrough Prize in Life Sciences for the invention of an automated surgical robot to assist in ventricular restoration surgeries.* He keeps reading. Apparently, it's an award that honors the very cutting edge of medical sciences. Kusuke *did* mention two of his degrees had something to do with anatomy and biology. All of the other past recipients of the award seem to be in their fifties or older, and the procedure itself seems like some kind of heart surgery; the article boasts that it's the most difficult kind. Whoa. Okay, kind of intimidating, Makoto admits. But how intimidating can this guy really be if Makoto was able to bang him so hard he could barely even speak? Ha! Not very intimidating. He clicks the next article.

Cambridge graduate Saiki Kusuke-sensei invents mechanical mobility suit to restore full limb functionality to amputee patients. Makoto gulps. Alright, he's a little more intimidated now. He tries to picture fucking Kusuke senseless to calm himself down a little, but it has the opposite effect. Whoops. Okay, ten minute break.

When his 'break' is over, he walks back over to his desk, only to see his phone light up. He snatches it off his desk and punches in his passcode so hard he feels like a professional boxer. He reads the text.

'Someone's stalking me~~'

Kusuke! Now?! He glares at his phone for a solid three minutes -- he can't seem too eager, but again, it doesn't really matter since it's only Kusuke -- and then he types back a reply.

'oh that sucks, who'

Why would he tell Makoto that? Makoto doesn't give a shit what happens in Kusuke's life.

'You, silly!'

His face heats up. He types back a reply without waiting this time.

'wtf no im not'

'also dont call me "silly" thats weird'

There's no way Kusuke could know Makoto had been looking him up. Not even *Kusuke's* that smart.

'I have alerts on for search queries of my name. I got a bunch of hits from an IP address close to home so I simply backtraced it, then hacked into your internet provider's database. So unless your sister or parents are looking me up...xD'

Makoto slams his laptop shut. That's it. He's never going on the internet again. Also, did Kusuke seriously just use 'xD'?

'well it wasnt me i bet it was kokomi'

Makoto frowns. *Kokomi, my perfect precious angel, I'm sorry. I'm using your name in vain.* But if Kusuke finds out he was looking him up, he'd probably have to commit seppuku.

'LOL She hates me, so probably not.'

Makoto clenches his fists.

'I HATE YOU MORE'

'Don't be so shy, Makotoooo~~'

Makoto smacks his palm to his forehead. Why is Kusuke's texting style so gay?! Probably because he's interested in men, but Makoto still feels like judging him for it.

'ugh your literally the worst!!'

*'I think you mean *you're ;)'*

Makoto glares at the trash bin again, but this time, it seems like a perfect place for his phone. Or his dignity. Probably both.

'YOU'RE one bad text away from getting blocked'

'Aww, you don't wanna have sex with me again? </3'

Makoto grunts. Alright, he won't block Kusuke's number. Yet.

'ok youre on very thin ice rn'

He taps out another message.

'when do you wanna fuck'

Thirty seconds pass. Then a minute. Two painful minutes later, he finally receives a response.

'I'm out of the country until Sunday night, so you have to be patient. Do you think you can wait that long for me?~~'

Makoto scowls.

'ofc i can, i literally dont care about you. why tf did you bother texting me today btw i dont wanna talk to you'

'Oh believe me, I wasn't going to, but when I saw you looking me up I couldn't resist annoying you about it.'

'you annoy me no matter what you do'

'Perfect, then my goal is accomplished.'

Makoto slaps his phone face-down onto his desk. Screw this. He'll just wait until Sunday for Kusuke to text him when he gets back.

---Friday---

"Makoto...what are you doing?"

Shit! Makoto freezes so fast it's like he's been dropped in liquid nitrogen. Kokomi wasn't supposed to get home for another half hour! And yet, here she is, staring daggers at him while he's still nose-deep in her underwear drawer.

“Uhh...I thought I saw Mom put one of my socks in here!” he lies. He’s Japan’s top actor -- but not in front of her. She folds her arms, molten anger rolling across her delicate features, ready to erupt like a volcano. Makoto yanks himself upright and slams her drawer shut, jamming one of his fingers in the process, and he sinks his teeth into his tongue to stop himself from yelping. He succeeds, but biting his tongue only makes his eyes water. That, and Kokomi is looking at him with such contempt he’s already on the verge of tears.

“Get out of here, Makoto! Don’t talk to me for the rest of the week!” she shouts.

“B-b-but Kokomi--!”

“I said out!”

Makoto drags his feet out of her room until he’s close enough to the door, and then she drives her heel into his lower back and kicks him out herself. He slams into the hardwood floor of their hallway with a dull thud. He snuffles.

“Kokomi, I’m sorry! Please let me back in!” he tries to say through the door as he scratches on it like a locked-out cat, but she turns up music in her room loud enough to drown out his desperate pleas. He continues his attempts for about thirty minutes longer, and when he finally gives up, he slinks back to his room and cries himself to sleep.

The next morning, his photoshoot is cancelled due to rain and Kokomi’s off to school, so he finds himself staring wistfully up at the ceiling of his room for the first two hours of the day. A whole *week* without talking to Kokomi? This is a living hell! He *has* to make it up to her! He racks his brain for something to do.

He could clean her room for her! No, wait, that wouldn’t work. Then she’d think he went through her stuff again. He could cook her dinner, but then she might think he put something in her food. Oh! He could buy her a gift! Those always cheer her up. She normally hates his gifts, though. In fact, the only gift she’s *really* liked that he’s ever given her was the puppy mug that Saiki had picked out. That shitty four-eyes! No way he’s asking him for help.

And then it dawns on him. He doesn’t have to ask *that* Saiki.

Without giving himself the chance to second-guess what he realizes is likely a terrible decision, he whips out his phone.

‘i need a favor’

Kusuke replies about fifteen minutes later.

‘I’m not sending you nudes.’

Makoto nearly chokes.

‘WTF I DONT WANT YOURE NUDES’

*‘Actually, it’s *your this time ;)’*

Makoto slam-dunks his phone into the trash can. He recalls his voice coach’s method of calming down -- thirty seconds of careful breathing exercises -- then fishes it back out.

‘i need you to help me pick out a present for kokomi’

'What'd you do now?'

'i didnt do anything!!!'

'Please, I can sense your guilt and we're not even on the same continent.'

Makoto folds his arms. Nope, he's not taking the bait. He doesn't want to know where Kusuke is or what he's doing, nor does he care.

'ok FINE maybe shes a little bit mad at me. help me out cmon man'

'Don't you think I have better things to do? -__-'

'please im the best thing youve ever done lmao'

Four minutes pass.

'Okay pretty boy, that was actually a solid comeback.'

'stfu rat dont call me pretty boy. just help'

'Fine. Let me check her recent search history. Give me a few minutes, I'll see what I can learn.'

Makoto almost berates him for invading her privacy, then he remembers why he's in this situation in the first place and holds his tongue. Well, fingers.

'She's been looking up cookbooks lately. Would you like me to send you some links so you can buy one online?'

'no i need them now!! i cant wait for them to be delivered, if she doesnt talk to me for another day ill literally DIE'

'I fail to see how your death would impact me in the slightest, but alright. Just go to a store.'

Makoto scratches his head. Theoretically, he could. He doesn't have anything better to do today. And at that, there's nothing better to do than something for Kokomi! He throws on some clothes that definitely don't make him look like a stalker, and heads out. When he arrives at the nearest bookstore, he takes his phone back out of his pocket.

'ok im at the store which one should i buy'

'Do you think I'm psychic or something? >:(I don't know what store you're at, nor do I know their selection.'

Makoto frowns. He has a point. He walks over to the cookbook section and sends Kusuke a picture.

'which I should i get. or just all of them??'

'You know your sister better than I do. What does she like?'

'she likes dogs and this cookbook teaches you how to cook them do you think she would want it??'

'I'm asking you this honestly. Are you clinically insane?'

Makoto almost turns off his phone, but decides against it at the last moment. Just when he's about to tap back an angry message harshly denying the accusation, he receives another text. It's a

picture: the same one he'd sent Kusuke of the cookbook selection, but Kusuke's circled one of the cookbooks in the top right corner.

'That one was in her search history. If you get it, she will likely be very happy.'

'THANK YOU ok bye'

'Goodbye, pretty boy. :P'

'fuck off rat'

Makoto swipes the book off the shelf, purchases it, then sprints back home. When Kokomi gets back from school, he's waiting outside her door.

"What are you doing, Makoto?! Let me into my room!"

"I-I will! But first...here!"

He holds out the cookbook to her like it's a peace treaty. She takes it cautiously, and upon inspecting its cover, her face shines with the light of a thousand suns, and Makoto basks in its heavenly warmth.

"Wow, I've wanted this forever! Thank you!"

Makoto gives her his patented puppy-eyes. "Please forgive me?"

She pouts. "You're not forgiven, but I won't ignore you. Uh, you still need to move, though."

"R-right!" He sidesteps to let her into her room, and when she closes the door behind her, it doesn't slam. He breathes a sigh of relief, and when he gets back to his room, he takes out his phone.

He glares at it for a few minutes and contemplates texting Kusuke to inform him of his success. He rereads their recent texts several times, tucks his phone under his pillow, then yanks a tissue from the box.

---Saturday---

"Quiet on set!" the director calls. A hush falls over the room, and Makoto takes his position at a doorway, ready to burst in and accuse the culprit of the climactic crime of the newest Magic Eye Detective episode. He flicks up his hat, poises to rush the scene with dramatic flair, and --

"Action!"

"Stop right there!" Makoto shouts. "The culprit was--"

"Cut!"

"Oh, come on!" Makoto thrusts his hands to his hips, face twisting into a frustrated scowl. "I couldn't have fucked that up *already!*"

"It wasn't you!" says the director. "Look!"

A chorus of screams echoes throughout the room as a bird zips over the heads of the cast and production crew and flits about the room, soaring from corner to corner and pecking at the equipment.

“Wh-what the hell?!” Makoto cowers behind a particularly large speaker as one of the lighting assistants chases after it pointlessly, almost as if the bird is teasing him. After a solid fifteen minutes of chasing, it finally lands, and a set designer captures it under one of their serving bowls. They dart their hands under it and grasp the uninvited guest in their hands.

“Caught me!” the bird chirps in a mechanical tone, and the set designer shrieks.

“It--it talked!!” The set designer lets it go in the midst of their shock, and it zooms out of their hands and hides amongst the rafters.

Makoto draws in a deep breath. He’s no genius by far, but he knows at the very least that there’s no such thing as talking birds. Which means the bird has to be some sort of robot -- and he only knows *one* person capable of such things. While the rest of the team jumps up to try and catch it, Makoto marches over to his dressing room to retrieve his phone.

‘WHAT DID YOU DO’

Five minutes later, Kusuke responds.

‘? I didn’t do anything, whatever are you talking about?’

‘DONT PLAY DUMB WITH ME’

‘I don’t know what you mean~~ I’m completely innocent.’

Makoto grinds his teeth.

‘IVE LITERALLY NEVER MET ANYONE IN MY LIFE LESS INNOCENT THAN YOU’

‘Has anyone ever told you that you use the word “literally” in your texts very often?’

Makoto shoves his phone back into his bag. He doesn’t have time for this right now. A few minutes later, the bird dives from the rafters, more shrieks rise from the staff, then it flies out the window. Makoto breathes a sigh of relief.

Filming for the rest of the day goes on without a hitch, and when they finally wrap up, Makoto returns back to his dressing room, exhausted. He fishes around for his things, but -- wait, where are his keys? And his favorite jacket? He searches the rest of the room without luck, then walks up to the set manager with a huff.

“Did you see my jacket and keys anywhere?”

The manager shrugs. “No, were they not in your dressing room.?”

Makoto scowls. “No,” he says flatly, then he returns. He overturns the room, scouring each and every corner, until finally, his phone lights up.

‘Need help finding something?’

Makoto seethes.

‘WHAT. DID. YOU. DO.’

'Play a game with me!'

'I HOPE YOU DIE!!!'

'Is your caps lock button stuck?'

Makoto flops down on his couch, screams into a pillow, then picks his phone back up.

'did you hide my stuff??'

'Maaaaaybe. ;) Isn't this fun? I've hidden three of your things throughout the set. Can you find them?'

Three of his things? Makoto only noticed two missing. *This is infuriating!*

'how could you even do that if we're not on the same fucking continent???'

'Bold of you to assume that I don't have millions of nanobots positioned throughout Japan ready to do my bidding at the drop of a hat.'

'LITERALLY WHO THE FUCK WOULD EVER ASSUME THAT'

'Evidently, not you.'

Makoto groans. Not even memories of Kusuke crying beneath him could make him feel better right now.

...okay, they kind of do. He taps out another text.

'why are you doing this to me??'

'I can't help it! I'm in between meetings right now so I'm super bored, and your reactions are always priceless. It's not my fault you're so easy to mess with.'

'fine then i just wont react! or respond!! leave me alone!!!'

'Aww, okay~~ Good luck!'

Makoto digs his phone into his pocket and marches back to the set. He loathes to play along with Kusuke, but he needs his keys and jacket in order to go home, so he doesn't have much of a choice. After a painful forty-five minutes of acute treasure hunting, he finally recovers his phone from atop a cabinet and his jacket from behind a camera setup. Fifteen minutes later, and he still can't find the mystery third item. Begrudgingly, he whips out his phone.

'whats the third thing??'

'You texted me again! I thought you weren't going to respond.'

'I DONT KNOW WHAT ELSE YOU HID'

'I'm unignorable :P'

'youre INSUFFERABLE!!'

'You used the right your/you're this time! I'm so proud :')'

Makoto heaves an exasperated sigh.

'fuck you!! PLEASE just tell me what it is so i know what to look for'

'Patience, you'll fuck me soon enough. And hmm...maybe on second thought, there were only 2 things that I hid. ;) Sorry!'

Makoto *wants* to be angry, to shoot back a text telling Kusuke how much he hates him, but the first sentence of the message ties his stomach in so many knots he forgets how to type for three whole minutes. Three minutes turns into four, then five, and eventually, he just gives up and goes home. There's no need to reply to that asshole. Maybe ever.

...maybe.

---Sunday---

Makoto spends the first part of the morning trying not to think about how Kusuke's going to arrive back in Japan this evening. Fortunately, he's somewhat successful this time, and gets through his photoshoot without his mind wandering *too* much. It was all he had scheduled for the day, so when he's back in the comfort of his room at home, he finds himself racking his brain for something to do. And then it hits him.

Kusuke's been messing with him all week. It's time for some payback! If Kusuke can use his intellect to make jabs at Makoto, then Makoto can use what he's best at, too: acting. He's also equally good at singing and being beautiful, but those two won't particularly help him out right now. He whips out his phone.

'hey rat i need some advice. give me therapy'

Thirty minutes pass before he receives a response.

'Ah, sorry pretty boy, I'm not that kind of doctor~'

Makoto scowls.

'i told you not to call me that. but you do have degrees in biomedical engineering and anatomy, right? so you must know something about the human mind'

'Aw, you remembered! <3'

Makoto rolls his eyes. He hadn't been *trying* to remember or anything. It's just because everything in that entire first encounter of theirs was so *weird*.

'im an actor, i need to have a good memory to remember all my lines. dont flatter yourself'

'As if I'd ever. Alright, what do you need?'

Makoto's lips stretch into a devious grin.

'theres this one other guy who keeps getting parts i auditioned for. people keep comparing me to him and they always say he's better and i feel like im starting to believe it. its like he's so superior to me in every way and its really starting to get to me. what should i do'

It's a full ten minutes before he receives a response.

'That's unfortunate that you're experiencing these things. However, from what I know of you, you're exceptionally talented, and you still remain the #1 idol in Japan. Living a life comparing yourself to others is no life at all. In my opinion, you should focus on what you have, rather than what you don't have. And it seems you have very much to be proud of.'

Makoto's smirk widens. This is *exactly* the response he was hoping for.

'oh thats actually really helpful'

'one more thing though'

Kusuke responds a moment later.

'Yes?'

'why arent you taking your own advice?'

He presses 'send.' *Yes! Got him!* Right in the inferiority complex. Hopefully, Kusuke will realize his own hypocrisy, and acknowledge Makoto's brilliance for catching him in the act. He glares at his phone expectantly, waiting for a response.

A minute passes. Then two. Then five. Ten minutes drag by, and still nothing. Next, it's an hour, then two, then before he even notices, it's evening, and he still has yet to receive a response from Kusuke.

Shit. Did I go too far?

Makoto buries his face into his pillow.

I'm a terrible person.

When the clock strikes 8PM, he finally receives a response. He whisks up his phone faster than the speed of light.

'My ride cancelled on me :(Come pick me up from the airport.'

Makoto scowls. What the hell? That's no concern of his. He still replies, though.

'wtf why me just call a taxi'

'I hate taxis! The drivers are all such creeps.'

'YOU'RE A CREEP!'

'My phone is about to die. Bye bye!'

'you're a tech genius! its not gonna die, you just dont wanna continue this conversation!!'

'You got me there~~'

Makoto sighs, and the guilt from earlier in the afternoon churns in his stomach. He doesn't bother responding -- he doesn't want to give Kusuke the satisfaction -- but he still swipes his car keys from his desk and drags his feet out the door. He slides into his car with a huff, silently curses himself for doing what he's about to do, and heads off to the airport.

When he arrives, he drives through the roundabout a few times, until his eyes finally fall on

Kusuke, who's standing next to his suitcase and typing on his phone. His shoulders are slumped, and there's a bag under his visible eye that's so deep Makoto feels like he'd be able to pack for a week-long vacation in it. It's odd, but Kusuke almost seems... *normal* like this, not like a superhuman genius or masochistic psychopath. Just a regular nineteen-year-old boy who gets tired like everybody else. He yawns, and Makoto's throat becomes inexplicably dry. Makoto honks, and Kusuke jumps, then his lips morph into a cheshire grin. Kusuke pads over to the car.

"Oh my god, you actually came."

Makoto's face heats up. "Wh-what? Of course I came! You asked me to!"

Kusuke chimes with that *irritating* laugh of his. "I was messing with you! I can't believe you actually drove all the way here."

"Fuck you!" Makoto snaps.

"Here? Now?" Kusuke purrs, and Makoto starts the car.

"I'm leaving."

Kusuke frantically waves his hands. "Wait! Since you're here, you might as well take me back."

Makoto grunts, and says nothing. Kusuke starts to reach for the handle, and Makoto locks the car. Kusuke tugs on the handle for a few seconds, and Makoto completely ignores him. Finally, Kusuke crosses his arms.

"Are you five?"

"No!" Makoto says with as much annoyance as he can muster. Kusuke raises an eyebrow, and defeatedly, Makoto unlocks the car.

"Yay!" Kusuke claps, and he opens the backseat door, tucks in his suitcase, then drops into the passenger seat beside Makoto. *I can't believe I'm actually doing this*. He silences the part of him that believes he can in less than a second.

"Where am I taking you?" Makoto grumbles as he opens his maps app.

"Shangri-La Hotel in Tokyo."

Makoto drops his jaw. "What?! Why a hotel?" he asks. "Are you not staying at your house right now?"

There's a flash of something undefinable across Kusuke's dead expression, but it's gone just as quickly as it came. "No. I'm not," he finally responds. "These are things that are far beyond your understanding."

Makoto rolls his eyes. It would seem so. He restarts the car, plugs in the address, and drives off. After a few uncomfortable minutes, Makoto can no longer stand the awkwardness, and speaks up.

"I don't get why you're at the airport in the first place. If you're so incredibly rich, why don't you have a private jet or something? I use one when I travel," Makoto grumbles.

Kusuke snorts. "Because unlike *you*, I'm not an insufferable show-off."

"Yeah, you're insufferable for other reasons."

“Exactly!”

Makoto scowls. Striking up a conversation was a terrible idea. Silence is way better than Kusuke’s annoying voice. Breezy voice. Cute voice. *Wait, what?!*

More silence follows. Kusuke breaks it this time.

“That was quite the stunt you pulled on me earlier today,” he drawls. Makoto frowns.

“Uh...sorry. It was kind of a dick move,” he says, voice burdened with guilt.

Kusuke shakes his head. “No no, you really got me. You know what? I’m even going to upgrade you to five brain cells. Aren’t I nice?”

“You’re the least nice person I’ve ever met in my entire life!” Makoto shoots back. Kusuke giggles in response.

“Thanks, I get that a lot.”

Makoto glowers at him from the corners of his eyes for a brief moment, then turns his eyes back to the road.

“People really say that to you often?”

Kusuke shrugs. “I don’t really care. It’s not like they’re wrong. I’m kind of a jerk.”

Makoto swallows hard. Well, at least he’s self-aware. That’s not really surprising, though. Still, it’s not a conversation he wants to have, so he changes the topic before it can continue.

“What were you even doing this week?” he asks instead.

Kusuke reclines in the seat. “Directing an international artificial intelligence convention in New York.”

Makoto’s eyes widen. “That’s kind of amazing,” he says breathlessly, before he can stop himself.

Kusuke, on the other hand, rolls his eyes. “This again? It’s not amazing. It is average.”

“If you call yourself average one more time, I’m gonna wrap this car around a tree.”

Kusuke chuckles, then closes his eyes. Makoto’s relieved that he might finally get to drive in peace, but five minutes later, his luck runs out.

“I don’t really get why you came to pick me up, though. Haven’t I been *insufferable* all week?”

Makoto shrugs. “Kinda,” he grumbles. “But you also helped me with Kokomi, so I thought I’d try to help you, too.”

Kusuke opens his eyes and blinks. “...oh.” He seems almost surprised. “That’s uncharacteristically nice.”

“Who the fuck ever said it was out-of-character for me to be nice?!” Makoto snaps, then he realizes his own hypocrisy a moment later, because Kusuke starts to cackle. He doesn’t continue teasing him, though, and Makoto silently thanks him for it.

They don’t talk for the rest of the car ride, and when they finally arrive at the hotel, Makoto pulls

up to the curb.

“We’re here,” he tells him. Kusuke yawns.

“I can see that.” He smiles triumphantly at Makoto, who grinds his teeth in response.

“Can you leave now?!” he bites back.

“Alright, I’m going,” Kusuke snickers. He gives Makoto a sultry glance. “Unless...you wanna come inside with me?”

A jolt of lightning surges down Makoto’s spine, and he can practically feel his cheeks ignite with fire.

“Of course I don’t!” he stutters, and Kusuke breaks into another fit of laughter.

“Just kidding! I already have another guy waiting up there for me.”

“Oh. I-I see,” Makoto murmurs in monotone, then he bites his lip. His stomach drops, and something unfamiliar stirs in his chest -- if he didn’t know better, he might almost think it was jealousy.

Kusuke smirks. “I’m kidding about that, too. I’m way too exhausted.”

The feeling Makoto tastes *definitely* isn’t relief. “Can you *please* just go?” he begs.

“Fine, fine. Just one more thing.” Kusuke taps his finger to his chin for a few brief moments, seemingly in thought. “Hey, you like kissing, right?”

Makoto huffs. He doesn’t want to dignify the question with a response. Besides, Kusuke already knows the answer, and after all the tumultuous events of the evening, he has absolutely no desire to give him any more satisfaction than he already has.

“I’m going to take your angsty silence as a yes.”

Kusuke leans over, takes Makoto’s burning face in his hands, and before Makoto can begin to react, he presses their lips together.

It’s not quite like any of their other kisses have been -- it’s a bit sloppy, wet, and it only proves to Makoto further that Kusuke is beyond exhausted. He threads both his hands lazily into Makoto’s hair almost as if to prop himself up, and his eyes are still half-open when he comes back for air. Before he realizes it, Makoto’s hands are in Kusuke’s hair too, and they’re grasping at each other hungrily, almost as if they need each other to continue feeling. He can hear a few girls walking by begin to giggle, but Makoto doesn’t care in the slightest. It’s like no one else in the world exists outside the car. There’s something tugging at the space below his heart that’s begging him to go closer, *closer*, until he’s sure the beats that thrum through both of their veins are in sync; and the sensation pours over him as if Kusuke has the power to take away and give back his life. Kusuke’s fluttering eyelashes tickle his own with the softness of a butterfly flapping its wings, and it feels so ethereal that for a brief moment Makoto genuinely believes he might be dreaming. And in this dream, he swears he can feel Kusuke smiling against him.

When Kusuke finally pulls away, they’re both completely out of breath. Just like Makoto thought before, it wasn’t quite like any of their other kisses have been.

But he thinks it might be his favorite so far.

Kusuke clumsily wipes the corners of his lips and gives Makoto a weary grin.

“Thank you for driving me, pretty boy.”

“Rat. Get out.”

Kusuke rolls his eyes and hoists himself up from the front seat, then drags his bags from the back and shuts the door behind him. He waves languidly back at Makoto, who flips him off in response, then Kusuke walks away. He doesn't turn back around.

But Makoto still watches him all the way until he goes inside.

Chapter End Notes

Okay. I don't have any other friends that watch Saiki K, so I'm just gonna rant here.

I was rereading the manga (as I often do before I write, because I'm unhealthily obsessed with getting characterizations right -- hopefully it shows), and it turns out Kusuke is **way** richer than I remembered. Apparently, the robot Kusuo that he built cost ¥1BN (~\$10MM). Jesus, Makoto. You don't even need a sugar daddy.

Also, I was surfing around twitter and found [these pictures](#) of Kusuke from the old mobile app. What the fuck is he wearing? Is that nail polish? God, he's so fucking gay. I'm also losing my mind over how much of a flirt he is in [this chapter](#). We were robbed of Kusuke being a sexy flirt in the anime. I'm heartbroken.

Tangling Threads

Chapter Notes

Heheh. Smut time again. Also, emotions. Just wait for it, I promise. Warning: angst ahead.

RIP Makoto's heterosexuality. You won't be missed.

Okay. So there's a slight, tiny, insignificant, miniscule, fractional, infinitesimal chance Makoto might somewhat, kind of, possibly, maybe, sorta be a little bit attracted to Kusuke.

It's only physical, though. And it's only because of everything they've done together. Kusuke *himself*, Makoto still can't stand. For the most part. His accomplishments are admittedly impressive, and do significantly help humanity, whether or not he actually cares about it. That still doesn't change the fact that he's a complete asshole. Who takes great pleasure in annoying the hell out of Makoto. For whatever inexplicable reason. In any case, it's awful. He dreads every time his phone lights up and flashes Kusuke's name -- which he's changed in his contacts to *Rat* for the time being -- and that dread is the only explanation for why his heart skips a beat every time it happens.

Whatever. It's not like Kusuke thinks the same about him. The first time they met, Kusuke openly admitted to seeing humans as nothing more than monkeys, and even went so far as to say he couldn't even tell that Makoto is handsome. And he *is* handsome. His swarms of fans of every gender and age group more than prove that. So why should he care what some arrogant prick thinks? He doesn't. He *definitely* doesn't.

Mostly.

Though, Kusuke *did* start calling him 'pretty boy.' The name itself is fairly irritating, but does it reflect Kusuke's true opinion? Or is he just saying it to make fun of him and his idol status? He already knows Kusuke is unfazed by Kokomi and her flawless beauty. And Makoto is nothing compared to her, so there's no way it's true. Oh, well. No use dwelling on it.

He checks his phone, and Makoto wonders if his request that Kusuke be the one to text him first next time they're planning to meet up still holds merit, considering they were in correspondence every day Kusuke was absent. Three days of which Makoto had texted Kusuke first for. If he had any dignity left, it's sure as hell gone now. Especially after Kusuke's little stunt about picking him up from the airport. Which Makoto's *still* annoyed he fell for.

...well. He *wants* to be annoyed, and he *tells* himself that he is, but he can't shake the feeling that it doesn't really bother him all that much. So instead, he bottles that feeling up so tightly into the confines of his mind so that it's barely more than a single candle flickering in the fires of hell, and leaves it at that for the time being.

It's barely midday, so he's not exactly surprised that he hasn't heard anything since they saw each other last night. Besides, he's filming all day, so it's not like he could text Kusuke even if he wanted to. Which he *doesn't*, of course. He's sure Kusuke's busy too, perhaps even more so than him. Given the frighteningly ascending nature of his technological achievements every week since

he's met Kusuke, maybe this week he's building a giant mecha to subjugate humanity and turn the planet into his personal zoo. It's not something Makoto would put past him. He shudders.

When he arrives home in the evening, he's greeted by the tantalizing aromas of toasted oregano and zesty orange. Somehow, the two competing scents aren't war with each other, but rather, have combined into a harmonious melody that fills his nostrils as he floats towards the kitchen. He *knows* what this means. Kokomi must be cooking!

"Ahh, Kokomi! I'm home!" he calls with adoration as he enters the kitchen. When he finally catches sight of her, she's poised over the stove, stirring dutifully over some type of pot. Her flawless cobalt hair is tucked into a low ponytail at the nape of her neck, and a pastel pink apron sits atop her lounge clothes. She looks absolutely *perfect*.

"Welcome home, Makoto!" she says with a smile that puts angels to shame, and he rushes to her side, throwing his arms around her. She winces.

"Uh, I'm cooking right now, so can you not...?"

"O-of course!" He jumps back and puts his hands up, allowing her all the space she needs to work her culinary magic. Which she then does.

After dinner, he hides behind a cabinet to watch her do the dishes, but strangely, he doesn't stay the whole time like he normally does. He pads up to his room to review his schedule for the next few days, and about fifteen minutes later when he hears her go into the room and turn on the shower, he just opens his door to listen instead of pressing his ear against the wall. When it's time to turn in for the night, he flops back into his bed and stares at the ceiling, because something's *nagging* at him that he can't fully understand.

And then all of a sudden, the guilt hits him like a truck. He's practically been *cheating* on her. With *Kusuke*! Even if Makoto and Kokomi aren't official yet. And are a long way off from being so.

He stuffs his face into his pillow. How could he?! He has to make it up to her somehow! But what can he do? She did love the gift, but there's no *way* he's asking Kusuke for help again. He stays awake restlessly all night, and when morning finally comes, he cancels all his plans for the day to go shopping.

Makoto dons his favorite definitely-not-a-stalker disguise and heads over to the nearest mall to browse the possibilities. He surfs through the windows for a while, racking his brain for what the perfect present might be, with little avail. Then finally, he finds it!

It's on a mannequin in the most high-end lingerie store in the mall. It's a striking lingerie set made only of delicate black and red chantilly lace with crimson velvet bows, paired with a matching garter belt and sheer thigh-high stockings. She would look absolutely ravishing in this! And if she lets him ravish her afterwards, then so be it. He wipes the drool off the corner of his mouth, then heads into the store.

The cashier gives him a suspicious look -- why? -- but after he purchases it, he leaves, happy as a clam, eager to give her the *fantastic* gift this evening. He rushes home and waits patiently at their dining room table for her to get home. When he hears the doorknob click, he springs up in excitement.

"Kokomi! I got you another present!" he sings, and her face instantly lights up with such illumination that her smile rivals the flames of a fireworks display.

“You did? Thank you, Makoto!”

He hands it to her with excited glee, and when she opens it, her expression completely changes into one so dark Makoto wonders for a moment if she turned the lights off.

“What the fu-- I mean, wh-what is this?!”

“You don’t like it?” he frets.

She throws it back at him with disgust. “You’re awful! I hate you, Makoto!” And then she dashes up to her room with her eyes squeezed shut.

Makoto deflates onto the floor like a popped balloon, and lays there for a solid hour. What did he do wrong?! He thought she’d like it! This sucks! When he finally has the energy to trudge up to his room, he tumbles back onto his bed, heartbroken.

Guilt stirs heavy on his stomach, and he’s ready to cry himself to sleep for the second time in five days, until a beep from his phone has him jolting up towards his bedside table, wide awake.

‘Hellooooo~~’

Makoto tenses. *Are you fucking kidding me right now?!* Kусuke always has the worst timing!

‘ugh wtf do you WANT im not in the mood for your bullshit right now’

‘Does that imply that there are times where you are in the mood for my bullshit?’

‘NO!!!!’

He’s sure that wherever Kусuke is, he must be laughing his head off right now.

‘</333 You’re gonna hurt my feelings!’

‘literally what feelings??’

‘Hehe, you’ve got me there. Emotions are tedious and unnecessary. I have no need for them.’

Makoto cringes. For the moment, he has to agree. If he didn’t have emotions, he wouldn’t be feeling so awful right now. He’s almost jealous of Kусuke in a way, for his complete inability to be fazed by literally anything, but then ultimately decides he’s glad he’s not like Kусuke at all.

‘why are you texting me i really meant it when i said i wasnt in the mood for this crap rn’

A few minutes pass. Makoto wonders if Kусuke’s about to ask him what’s wrong or something, but he’s proven incorrect a moment later.

‘Alright, then I’ll get to the point. Wanna fuck tomorrow?’

Okay, he’s fine with this response instead.

Makoto could say no. The reason he got Kokomi that present today was because of this, after all. He could turn Kусuke down and put this behind him and move on, then focus on his relationship with Kokomi. He *could*. He *should*.

And yet...

'yeah sure'

...Makoto hates himself.

'Yaaaay! I'll find another place and text you with the location.'

'no ill do it. also im paying this time'

'Aww, so romantic~~'

'stfu youve paid twice already im not a freeloader'

'I'm several dozen times wealthier than you, but fine, if you insist xP'

Again with those stupid emoticons?

'why do you always use those dumb symbols? just use emojis like a normal teenager'

'What part of me is a normal teenager to you?'

From his bed, Makoto shrugs.

'ok fair enough'

Then, an idea pops into his mind. It's a terrible, awful, disgusting idea that makes him loathe himself even more, but...

'what bra size are you'

Three minutes pass.

'I like where this is going already ;)'

'creep'

'You're the one who asked!'

Makoto slaps his palm to his forehead and glares at the box on the floor beside him.

'just answer the fucking question'

'I don't know, I'd have to measure myself. It's not like I have anything to fill it out with, but it's really the band size that's important. But whatever you got for Kokomi that she now hates you for, it will probably fit me. I'm fairly slender, as you've perhaps noticed.'

'WTF HOW DID YOU KNOW'

'This is what I do for a living!'

'be a creepy stalker???'

'No, that would be you. I gather information and make inferences from it.'

This really is a bad idea.

'im not a stalker but whatever. ill make the stupid reservation and tell you the address. see you tomorrow i guess'

'See you tomorrow. Sleep well~~'

'stay awake and suffer'

Kusuke doesn't reply to that, unsurprisingly. Makoto *tries* to sleep, for a while, but something in his body refuses to let him. He snakes a hand down his pants and tries to satiate it, thinking of his precious Kokomi, but it just doesn't work. He's about to give up, when suddenly a memory of Kusuke in her uniform flashes across his subconscious, and then...

...fuck.

He grabs a tissue.

The next day crawls by, but eventually, evening falls. In an effort to one-up Kusuke over his constant taunts of his superior riches, Makoto selects a hotel that genuinely puts a dent in his bank account, and finally he arrives before Kusuke this time. He doesn't bother turning the lights on -- maybe the dark will make him regret this a little less -- and instead he lays onto the ornately decorated bed and glares at the chandelier on the ceiling, trying to count its twinkling crystals as he waits; but it's almost impossible when there are so many. Counting isn't really Makoto's strong suit.

"You're trying to outdo me, aren't you?" a singsong voice says from the door, and Makoto jerks upright.

"Jesus, I didn't even hear you enter!" Makoto shoots back with a frown. Kusuke laughs.

That *damn* laugh.

"Sorry! It's not my fault you're so incredibly dense," he says with a condescending smirk.

"Anyways, what've you got there? Show me!"

Makoto grimaces, and chucks the box at him. Annoyingly, Kusuke catches it with little effort.

"You're such an idiot for thinking this was a good gift idea," he snorts as he peeks into the box. "Completely hopeless."

"Just shut up and go put it on, okay?!"

Kusuke snickers, then flits into the bathroom while Makoto rolls his eyes. There's still time to leave and spare himself from all of this. But his body feels heavier than a ship anchored to the bottom of the ocean, and he doesn't move an inch until Kusuke emerges.

"Well," he purrs, "how do I look?"

Makoto drops his jaw. Somehow, it fits. The intricate patterns of the lace are just thin enough for his milky skin to peek through underneath, and the rich vermillion ribbon drapes tantalizingly in the center of his chest. The stockings are ever so slightly too tight, and they only further accentuate the fullness of his thighs because of it. Kokomi's clip pins back most of his bangs, but a few stray strands of hair still tumble around the corners of his stormy eyes.

...Makoto's still straight if he finds this hot, right? Since it's clothes meant for girls, after all. Yes, that must be it.

“Aren’t you going to say something?” Kusuke hums, almost impatiently, and Makoto realizes he’s been staring wordlessly for several minutes now. He racks his brain for something to say -- anything, even if it’s not the poetry he usually concocts in his descriptions of Kokomi -- but he fails, miserably. It’s like he’s forgotten how to speak. Thirty seconds later, he realizes it’s just not going to happen, and pushes to his feet.

He crosses the room without a word and slams his lips into Kusuke’s, devouring him in the space between two fleeting moments. He clasps his muscular arms around the gentle arcs of Kusuke’s back, trying to close the tiny gap between them, but it’s not close enough. *Never* close enough. Makoto pauses for only a second, to rip off his shirt, giving in to his craving of skin against skin. When his bare chest touches the skin through the lace on Kusuke’s, thunder cracks throughout his body, and he bites Kusuke’s lip to keep the sensation from pulling him under. Kusuke hops up and wraps his legs around Makoto’s waist, and Makoto clutches him as if he weighs nothing more than air.

Kusuke grinds against him, and something settles in the pit of Makoto’s belly that refuses to be neglected. Without setting Kusuke down, he treks back towards the bed, collapsing atop him in a heap of obsession. Kusuke collides with the pillows below them with a quiet whimper, and Makoto’s certain that if hearts could explode, his would detonate right now.

For a while, all they’re doing is *kissing*, with hands exploring each others’ bodies almost desperately. There’s a dainty scent of roses tickling his nose, and finally, Makoto finds it within himself to speak.

“You’re wearing perfume?” he asks between sporadic kisses.

Kusuke chuckles. “Ah, you don’t like it?”

“N-no, it’s...” It shares the same sweetness as a garden in full bloom during springtime, fresh and floral and light, and Makoto drinks it in. “...it’s nice.”

Something on Kusuke’s lips tastes the way his perfume smells, and Makoto can’t quite place it, nor does he want to. It doesn’t matter. Nothing else matters but this. Makoto feels uncharacteristically clumsy as he fumbles with the hem of Kusuke’s panties, his fingers getting caught in the lace as he struggles to push them aside. Eventually, he just slips his hand underneath them, and Kusuke lets out a wild gasp.

“Wh-what are you doing?” he says through a convulsive catch of breath. “I-I mean, that’s my-- y-you’ve never-- ”

Makoto doesn’t want to hear it, and he silences Kusuke with another kiss. His hand glides across its length, pausing for only a second when he reaches the tip, then he strokes back down again. Kusuke whimpers.

“You’re *touching* me,” Kusuke murmurs. “Aren’t I pretending to be a woman-- ”

“Just stop talking,” Makoto growls. “And try to make your moans sound as girly as possible.”

Makoto buries his face in the hollows of Kusuke’s neckline -- partially so he can’t see what he’s doing, and partially because he doesn’t want Kusuke to notice how bright his face is burning -- and tries to ignore how Kusuke’s pulse jumps when he does so. But it’s pointless. Kusuke’s hands rake into Makoto’s hair as he shudders from his touch, and Makoto utterly surrenders. Kusuke’s moans are strained in a higher octave in a faint effort to comply with Makoto’s request, but he seems just as helpless as Makoto.

"I'm *so close*," Kusuke whispers into his ear. He twitches, and it's almost too much, so Makoto sinks his teeth into Kusuke's shoulder blade, earning him a gasp that's halfway between pain and pleasure. It's not something he'd do to Kokomi, but if he doesn't do *something* to distract himself from the warm friction of Kusuke against his palm, he'll finish before he even manages to take his pants off.

Which he eventually decides against. Kusuke's never seen him fully naked, and he doesn't think he's ready to let him do so now. It's not like he's shy or anything -- he's an idol, after all -- but he just can't find it within himself for some reason. Still, something's straining against his belt, so he unbuckles it hastily and unzips his pants, pushing the front down just enough to expose what he needs to.

"*Please* give it to me," Kusuke pleads up at him, and Makoto nearly melts. He slathers himself up with the lube he'll never admit he bought specifically for this, and he takes off Kusuke's panties, leaving nothing but the garter belt and stockings on his lower half. Makoto spreads Kusuke's legs carefully and drapes them over his shoulders, watching as Kusuke trembles with anticipation. He feels equally as tense, and shoves desperately into Kusuke to quell the ache -- but as soon as he does, a translucent white fluid splatters across Kusuke's abdomen. The flush on Kusuke's face deepens, and he giggles with embarrassment.

"I told you I was close," he says breathlessly. He looks deceptively innocent, staring up at Makoto with glistening eyes, and Makoto can only stare back as a thick fog settles in his brain.

"Do you want to keep going?" Makoto asks him. Kusuke seems no less aroused now than he'd been before, and he can only nod in confirmation. And that's all Makoto needs to seize his hands around Kusuke's waist, burying himself all the way inside him. Kusuke cries out, and Makoto grits his teeth.

He'd almost forgotten how *good* this feels. But now, it would be all he could think about if he could even think at all -- which he *can't*, and he slams his hips down again in a way that makes them burn from the sparks that fly as Kusuke writhes against him. He can't help but notice how *perfect* Kusuke looks on his back -- the way his hair falls against the ivory pillowcase, the slight dips in the mattress where it cradles his shoulders. Even the muffled sounds of friction of his skin against the cotton sheets is entrancing.

Each pump of his hips pushes Makoto closer to the edge as they fall into rhythm with each other. First Kusuke pulls on his hair, then Makoto drives into him harder, and Kusuke whines back in response. Every so often, Makoto bends down to kiss him again, plunging as deep into Kusuke as he can possibly reach. Kusuke tenses around him each time, moaning into his breaths as their tongues intertwine, and the sheets pile up by the edge of the bed.

Makoto pins Kusuke's shoulders down into the pillows, anchoring himself over his slender frame as he thrusts into him again and again. Kusuke chokes back a sob of pleasure, but Makoto has no intention to relent for even a single moment -- but the way Kusuke's breath hitches as he squirms tells Makoto that he has no intention of trying to escape. Instead, Kusuke's heels lock together behind Makoto's neck as he pulls him down further, and for a brief moment, Makoto's fairly sure he loses consciousness.

"You wanna get on top?" Makoto pants. Kusuke's whimpers weaken him more and more, and Makoto's beginning to worry that soon, he'll no longer be able to hold himself up. Without a verbal response, Kusuke flips him over with surprising force, and wastes no time in sinking back down onto Makoto. The moon floods in through the window like a shattered dam, dousing Kusuke in liquid light that casts tempered shadows over the sweeps of his collarbone.

Makoto's mind is swimming with heat and pure sensation, and his hands wander to Kusuke's backside as he thrusts him up and down. His fingers dip into the soft flesh, and he tries to picture it as Kokomi's, and it almost works, until --

"Makoto!"

The cry of his name comes from somewhere almost distant, but then all of a sudden he's *here*, with *Kusuke*, and everywhere else in the universe seems impossibly far away; even the door to the room seems just as unreachable as the stars scattered across the heavens above them.

"Say my name again," he begs. Kusuke presses their foreheads together.

"Makoto," Kusuke moans, and then Kusuke kisses him again. The smell of his sweat mixed with perfume is so inebriating that Makoto can't help but wonder if this is what it feels like to be actually drunk -- the airy dizziness, the lapse in judgement, the inescapable high with every breath. If this *is* what it's like to get drunk, then Makoto can tell why people enjoy it so much, and he might need to consider becoming an alcoholic after this.

Then again, if it were anything other than *Kusuke* doing this to him -- it just wouldn't be the same.

"Aren't you going to say mine?" Kusuke says between a chorus of gasps.

Makoto's eyes meet his. "Huh?"

"My name."

"Y-your name?" Makoto asks, and Kusuke nods.

Right.

He readjusts the clip in Kusuke's hair and unfocuses his gaze, until Kusuke's nothing more than a shadow undulating on top of him.

"Kokomi," he grits out, and Kusuke quivers. There's something about it that doesn't feel quite right, but Makoto throws it away in less than a second, and then it's gone. Each time their skin smacks together and Kusuke rolls his hips, Makoto's numbed further into a heavy daze, until Kusuke's teeth nipping at his lips pulls him back to the present.

"Please fill me up," Kusuke whispers, and a sudden spike of liquid heat surges through Makoto as he slams into Kusuke one last time, and then he's overflowing. Something drips down onto his stomach from Kusuke as well, and Kusuke kisses him weakly once more before toppling beside him. Just like the past two times they've slept together, there's a drawn-out silence for several minutes, until Makoto finds himself speaking before he can think.

"You're pretty," Makoto blurts out. Kusuke rolls his head to face him.

"You're not going to try a little harder to compliment your perfect sister?" he replies. Makoto's voice gets caught in his throat.

...oh. Sister.

So...Kusuke thinks they're still in-character or whatever. Makoto gulps.

That's probably for the best.

"S-sorry," he stutters. He's not really sure why he said it in the first place, anyways. "I'm just super

tired.”

“It’s alright,” Kusuke chuckles. “That was *amazing*, by the way.”

Makoto uses the last of his strength to nod. “Yeah, it was.”

The room is still and quiet as they both struggle to catch their breaths, then finally, Kusuke swivels upright and trips over to the bathroom to clean himself off. When he comes back out, he’s carrying one of the plush spa bathrobes provided by the hotel. Kusuke finally turns on the light in the hotel room, and tosses Makoto a towel and a robe similar to his own.

“Put it on,” he says as he begins to remove his lingerie. Makoto’s face surges with crimson.

“You’re just gonna strip in front of me?!” he stutters.

Kusuke snorts. “Do I have any reason to be shy after everything we’ve done together?” He’s stripped in front of Makoto before, but this time seems so much more embarrassing for some reason. Maybe it’s because neither of them is pretending to be someone else this time. That’s probably it.

“I guess not,” Makoto grumbles. There’s a faint red band where the bra strap cut into Kusuke’s chest, and ghosts of the bruises Makoto left him last time they slept together are peppered across his body.

“Don’t those hurt?” Makoto asks as he points to them. Kusuke shrugs.

“A little, but it’s kinda hot,” he answers.

Makoto groans. “You’re so weird.” Kusuke just laughs and changes into the bathrobe.

“Ooh, Makoto, these are so comfy. You should put yours on, too.”

Hearing his name again makes something pang in Makoto’s chest, and he scowls deeply.

“No way, I don’t wanna be matching with you!” he bites back, ignoring how much he sounds like a complaining ten-year-old.

Kusuke cracks up. “Fine, have it your way. I bet those tight and sweaty skinny jeans feel *great* right now.”

Makoto grunts. He hadn’t really been thinking about it before, but now that his attention is drawn to his lower half, he recognizes all too suddenly that it’s *definitely* not a good feeling. Begrudgingly, he kicks them off, wipes himself off with the towel, and wraps the robe around himself before Kusuke can turn around to see him without any clothes on.

“Aww, you look so cozy!” Kusuke giggles as he claps his hands. Makoto scoffs. *This guy is impossible.*

“Yeah, yeah, shut up.” He folds his arms across his chest and pouts, refusing to admit how much it feels like he’s being cradled in the fluffs of a cloud. It *better* feel like this, though, considering the unholy amount of money that the room cost him.

Kusuke skips over to the dresser, swiping up a pamphlet from beside the TV stand. Makoto raises an eyebrow.

“What’s that?” Makoto asks him.

"It's a room service menu," Kusuke replies almost condescendingly, and he waves it as if Makoto could possibly read it from this distance. He can't, of course. "I'm starving."

Makoto's stomach grumbles, and he realizes that he kind of is, too.

"Uhh...same, actually. What's on their dessert menu?"

"A bunch of stuff," Kusuke says. "Black forest cake, tiramisu, creme brulée, french vanilla pudding-- "

"Okay, okay, I get it!" Makoto cuts him off. "Just -- order one of everything."

Kusuke's face stretches into a mischievous smirk. "*Two* of everything, coming right up!"

Kusuke swiftly places the order, and it arrives surprisingly quick. When there's a knock on the door, Makoto springs up, darting to hide behind the bathroom door. Kusuke snickers before he opens up.

"What's with you?" he asks. Makoto frowns.

"You *do* realize I'm extremely famous, right?! No one can see me here with you!"

Kusuke laughs. "Oh, yeah, I totally forgot."

"You *forgot*?!" Makoto nearly shouts. He knows Kusuke's memory is frighteningly strong, and this dawns on him a second later when Kusuke laughs so hard he almost wheezes. Makoto rolls his eyes and hides, and he hears the maid that delivers their food giggle when she sees Kusuke's half-exposed torso through the bathrobe. Something about that makes him -- no, not angry, not jealous, it must be something else -- but he abandons trying to figure it out when Kusuke sets the tray down onto the bed.

Makoto walks back over to the bed and plops down, surveying the spoils sprawled out in front of him. His mouth starts to water, and he slides into bed, ready to dig in. But his joy is somewhat hampered a moment later when Kusuke crawls up next to him.

"Let's eat!" Kusuke declares.

Makoto's still annoyed, but the display of treats is too distracting to bother arguing with him over it. He's never been a *huge* fan of sweets, but he definitely doesn't feel like having a second dinner - - and if he's already paying for someplace this fancy, he might as well make the most of it.

They eat with dedication in silence for a while, until finally they both take a pause to catch their breath, and when Makoto looks over at him, there's a dab of whipped cream on the tip of Kusuke's nose.

"Err, you've got a little something..." Makoto points to his nose, and Kusuke crosses his eyes, laughing when he sees it. He tries to clean it off with his tongue, but misses it entirely -- and Makoto stifles a laugh. "Lemme get it."

Makoto reaches over with his finger and wipes Kusuke's nose, but somehow, he makes it even worse. And that does it -- he can no longer hold back his laughter, and erupts into a fit of giggles. Soon after, Kusuke follows suit.

But Kusuke's laugh is a bit different this time.

This time, it's *genuine*.

It's a musical sort of laughter, ringing with honesty and innocence. It chimes with energy and joy, and if he hadn't been there to hear it for himself, Makoto wouldn't have believed it was something Kusuuke was even capable of. It's almost playful, entrancing, full of life, and — it's a sound Makoto wants to hear again and again.

But only because Kusuuke's fake laugh is so damn *annoying*.

Makoto finally succeeds in wiping it off, and their laughter both dies down.

"You know, you're a lot nicer than you realize," Kusuuke sings with a smug grin.

Makoto rolls his eyes. "Shut up, Kusuuke."

Kusuuke elbows him as he munches on a cookie. "I think that's only the second time you've ever called me by my name."

Makoto racks his brain to try and recall all of their past conversations, and quickly realizes Kusuuke is right, with slight embarrassment.

He frowns. "'Rat' suits you better."

"And I like my nickname for you better than your actual name, too," Kusuuke snorts.

Makoto's heart skips a beat. "You think 'pretty boy' is more appropriate for me?"

Kusuuke takes a bite of pudding as a break from his cookie. "I saw someone call you that on a forum when I was first looking you up, and I thought it was hilarious. It's not like I'd know. I'm a really bad judge of beauty."

Makoto scowls. *Right*. "It's one of many names my millions of adoring fans call me."

Kusuuke's grin turns fake again, and he jabs Makoto on the arm.

"Don't worry! That just means I hate you because of who you are on the *inside*!"

Makoto takes an angry sip of hot chocolate. "Haha, very funny. Same goes for you too, douchebag."

Kusuuke finishes off his creme brulée.

"Does that mean you think I look like a rat? I wouldn't really know. I get hit on a lot, but it's not something I really pay attention to. I only flirt as a social experiment every once in a while. And one time when I was luring in some girl-obsessed spirit medium to try and defeat Kusuo. Say, what do you think?" Kusuuke leans over to him. "Am I attractive?"

Makoto gulps.

I tried to tell you that earlier.

Accidentally, of course. For whatever reason.

"Dunno." Makoto shrugs. "I'm not really a good judge of attractiveness for other guys."

Kusuuke leans closer, and their fingers brush together, so Makoto jerks his hand away faster than

the speed of light. Kusuke snickers.

“Aww, you’re blushing! That’s so cute! Does this mean you’re attracted to me?”

“Don’t be ridiculous! It’s because you’re being fucking weird! A-and it’s not cute! You’re such a -
-”

“Ooh, lemme guess. Perv? Creep? Weirdo? Degenerate?”

“Pick one,” Makoto grumbles. “They all work.”

They continue eating, but not in quiet this time. They engage in idle conversation between bites of their treats. Kusuke lets him rant about work for a bit, and Makoto half-listens when Kusuke does the same.

And while Kusuke is rambling, he’s pressing his shoulder against Makoto’s, leaning into him every so often as he talks. It’s clear from the way Kusuke ignores it entirely that he doesn’t even really realize that he’s doing it -- and Makoto can’t help but wonder if perhaps unintentionally, it’s a kind of closeness Kusuke seeks that he can’t find anywhere else, a starvation for affection that’s completely malnourished. And he wonders if just maybe, Kusuke’s so unbearably annoying because all he wants is for people to pay attention to him -- the massive inferiority complex he has must come from *somewhere*, and if he mainly holds it against Kusuo...

He’s not sure why, but Makoto makes no effort to put any space between them. It may be uncomfortable, but...if this is something that for some reason, Kusuke needs, then fine. It’s harmless to just let him, right? Maybe he’ll be less insufferable this way.

When Makoto tunes back in, Kusuke’s in the middle of some random tirade about the fall of humanity.

“--I mean, don’t you think there are too many people? Natural disasters have been around since the beginning of time and even wiped out the dinosaurs, so maybe-- ”

Makoto doesn’t let him finish. He turns to face Kusuke and kisses him -- *hard*.

It’s far more innocent than any of their other ones have been; no tongue, no teeth, just lips pressed together like nervous schoolchildren sharing a first kiss. Even the angle they’re facing is awkward, since they’re sitting side by side, and they’re both so tense neither makes any effort to fix this. When Makoto finally pulls away, there’s no fake smile on Kusuke’s face -- or really any expression at all, other than maybe a hint of surprise.

“What was that for?” Kusuke asks him.

Makoto wipes off the corners of his mouth. “You keep doing it to me. Cutting me off in the middle of a sentence like that. It’s a taste of your own medicine, I guess. Isn’t it annoying?”

“Yeah,” Kusuke replies breathlessly. “Super annoying.”

There’s a few tense moments of uncomfortable eye contact, until eventually, Makoto turns away.

“I should go.” He picks up his clothes and changes in the bathroom, but when he comes back out, Kusuke’s still sitting in bed, eating again as if nothing had happened. “Aren’t you heading off somewhere too?”

Kusuke looks up. “Nah, I’m gonna stay here tonight. Look at this place! It’s a lot cozier than the

other hotel I'm staying in right now."

Makoto raises an eyebrow. "Uh, alright. You do you, man."

He starts to go, until Kусuke's voice chimes up from behind him and says, "Wanna stay and keep me company?"

Makoto turns back around. Kусuke asked him this before, when he'd dropped him off at the airport, and it had only been a joke. But there's something hidden in Kусuke's expression that Makoto can't quite place, and before he can stop himself, he starts to answer,

"Oka-- "

"Just kidding! I'm gonna eat this whole cake by myself!"

Makoto's voice catches in his throat. "Yeah." He forces a laugh. "Yeah, you do that."

This time, when he leaves, Kусuke makes no effort to stop him. He wonders if Kусuke had heard him about to say yes, because he thinks he might've caught the faintest hint of panic flash across Kусuke's face right before he left.

No, he decides.

I must have been imagining it.

An Odd Day Out

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Makoto steps out of the shower and glares into his steamy bathroom mirror at the hickey on his collarbone with troubled disdain. It's been two days since he last saw Kusuke, and the mark hasn't faded in the *slightest*. Shouldn't Kusuke have known better than to do this to him?! He's an idol, for crying out loud! Being closely inspected by prying eyes is an occupational hazard, one Kusuke has made *infinitely* more difficult because of his little trick. In Makoto's dream the previous night that mirrored the 'events' that occurred between them, he woke himself up out of sheer anger when Dream-Makoto came to the realization mid-fuck that this extra inconvenience was likely intentional; just another one of Kusuke's oh-so-fun ways of messing with him, and now he's wishing desperately that he could just go back to bed. Possibly forever.

But he doesn't, because the fact that he had a sex dream about Kusuke is beyond mortifying.

He's lucky that the day right after they'd slept together was just an informal rehearsal, so there hadn't been any need for cameras or makeup, and the subsequent day, he had off. But today, he's not nearly as fortunate. He'd been expecting the bruise would be gone or at least significantly diminished by this point, but if anything, it's gotten even *worse*. It's not in a terribly obvious place, so wearing high-collared shirts has kept his family from being privy to his shame, but the photoshoot he has today is *shirtless*.

Makoto briefly debates ducking into Kokomi's bathroom to steal some of her makeup in order to cover it, but decides against it, for two reasons. One, he's fairly sure Kokomi's put a security camera in her room to guard against any more of his 'visits.' And two, it's fairly pointless to try and cover it up in the first place, anyways. The makeup artists at the photoshoot will be up-close-and-personal with him no matter what, dusting him with various oils and sparkles to make his chiseled musculature shine, so anything he'd put on would just be taken off and exposed regardless. So now he's faced with no choice but to bear his incredible shame when he's inevitably asked about it. He *knows* it can be easily covered up or edited out...but it's still embarrassing as hell.

He towels himself off and throws on some clothes, then slinks downstairs to meet the car waiting out front for him. A bodyguard steps out, gives him a respectful nod, ushers him into the backseat, and then, they're off. Fortunately, his chauffeur makes no effort to engage in small-talk, so Makoto's granted the reprieve of staring at his phone as they drive to the photoshoot location in peace. Well. *Almost* in peace. Internally, Makoto's doing his best to emotionally prepare himself for a humiliation he's never yet had to face; his manager's always praised him in the past for his chastity. *That's* about to come to an end.

They arrive at the photoshoot location and a flurry of assistants swarms Makoto, preparing him for what they've promised will be the hottest calendar shoot of the year. When it's time to strip, Makoto sighs inwardly, then peels off his shirt. He grasps onto the vain hope that it might go unnoticed, but it only lasts a few more seconds.

"What's this, *Mugami-kun*?" his manager drawls, jabbing at the mark with a suggestive grin, and Makoto flushes.

"Uh...I bumped into a cabinet," Makoto lies. His manager ponders this, and Makoto thinks he might be getting away with it, until...

“And did a cat scratch up your back, too?” one of the assistants deadpans. *Damn you, Kusuke!* Next time Kusuke tries to do that, he’ll pin down his wrists!

...that might be kinda hot, though. Makoto’s face flushes a screaming shade of crimson. *Wait, no it wouldn’t!*

“Ooh, got yourself a kitty in the sack, eh?” his manager elbows him, and Makoto prays for a meteor to break from orbit and crush him so he doesn’t have to endure another moment of this. But god loves Kokomi, and not him, so no such celestial miracle occurs.

“Those ones are always the most fun,” his manager continues. “So? What’s her name?”

Makoto blinks. “Eh?”

“Her *name*, son! Is it that actress you met at the charity gala last month? Or the model that was crawling all over you at that swimsuit photoshoot a week ago?”

Makoto makes a strained sound. “I, uh...I really shouldn’t say.” For so, *so* many reasons. One of which is that Kusuke would probably kill him, but that doesn’t sound all too bad at the moment.

His manager nods. “A wise decision. Just make sure to tell her to go easy on you next time you have a photoshoot, alright?”

Makoto almost snorts. ‘*Her.*’

“Yeah, yeah, okay,” Makoto waves him off. Normally, he quite enjoys photoshoots, especially ones where he can show off his best assets and be fawned over like a prince; but burying his face in his pillow and never leaving his room again sounds *far* more appealing right now. “Let’s get this over with already.”

Fortunately, the rest of the photoshoot drags on without incident, and once he’s finally free, Makoto’s able to focus on his *real* plans for the day: scouting out a new sweets shop in town back by his house. Kokomi’s still not talking to him -- which hasn’t been *quite* as painful as it usually is, for whatever reason -- but once they *do* start communicating again, a pastry might serve as an appropriate peace offering.

Makoto thanks his driver, applies his disguise, then shuffles into the cafe. It’s a bit different from the girls-only cafe nearby that Makoto has only stolen glances into — this one’s interior is a soft mint instead of a bright pink, and it’s decorated with a vibrant array of succulents hung on rustic wooden shelves that pepper the walls. The windows are sprawling and bright, filtering in floods of natural light that almost give Makoto the impression that he’s still outside. The pastry display up front is organized by color, of which every one in the rainbow is present: on one end, he finds mouth-watering strawberry shortcake, and the other, blackberry tarts drizzled with honey. Makoto wipes the drool off the corner of his mouth from below his mask, and flits to the back of the line.

And while he waits, his mind begins to wander. To his back, specifically, and to his collarbone; and further, the fiend that left his signature there. The way they’d left things off was... *weird*, to say the least. Every time Makoto thinks about his kiss with Kusuke right before he’d left the hotel, he almost shrivels up like a raisin and dies of embarrassment. What could have possibly possessed him to *do* that?!

Strangely, it felt like the first kiss he never had — awkward, inexperienced, and tense. When everyone else back in middle school was hiding behind bike racks after class and pressing their lips together just to say they did it, Makoto was staring at pictures of Kokomi on his phone and waiting

outside of her classrooms. It wasn't like he didn't have numerous offers from potential kissing partners of every gender back then, he just wasn't interested in the slightest. And now, Makoto has no idea what's supposed to happen between him and Kusuke next; they hadn't established who's supposed to text the other next time, but Makoto decides it *definitely* won't be him. After that stunt he pulled, he's hesitant to do anything that might show the slightest interest in Kusuke. Because he's not. Interested, that is. Besides, why would—

“Hello, pretty boy.”

Makoto whirls around.

“*Kusuke?!*”

“Aw, you said my name again!”

Makoto's jaw drops from behind his mask. Kusuke? *Now?!* This is the *last* thing he needs!

Kusuke's poised about a meter away from him, lab coat slung over his shoulder, and the most conceited grin Makoto's ever seen is plastered across his face. Aside from the coat he's carrying, his clothes are surprisingly normal, if not slightly formal: black pleated slacks, a crisp white button-up, and suspenders with ‘*Chanel*’ scrawled along their vertical lengths. There are a few girls in the shop staring at Kusuke almost as hungrily as they are at the cakes, and with indignant huff, Makoto yanks on the sleeve of Kusuke's shirt to pull him in line beside him. Kusuke giggles and raises his eyebrows suggestively.

“Are you fucking stalking me?!” Makoto snarls.

Kusuke giggles. “Nope. This is just pure luck.”

Makoto clenches his fists. “I don't feel lucky at all!”

“Hey, bad luck is still luck.”

“It's *my* bad luck!” Makoto says, jabbing a finger at himself. “Anyone like *you* would be lucky to see me on their day off!”

“*See* you?” Kusuke tugs at the bands around Makoto's mask. “I can't really see you much under that mask. Also, you look ridiculous wearing sunglasses indoors.”

Makoto swats Kusuke's hand away. “Shut up! We both know why I can't take them off!”

“You look like a pervert,” Kusuke snorts.

“*You're* the pervert! What are you even doing here, anyways?!” Makoto hisses under his breath.

“Same reason you're here,” Kusuke drawls as he nudges Makoto. Makoto flinches. “Is your precious sister still not talking to you?”

“She isn't,” Makoto grumbles. “Did you do something to piss off that shitty brother of yours, too?”

“I mean, nothing on top of the constant hatred he already has for me, so...no, I guess?” Kusuke replies with a shrug. “He just likes sweets, so I thought I'd scope the place out and make sure it was worthy of his time, because if they waste it, I'll bankrupt them and convert all their machines into weaponry!” Kusuke's grin is so menacing and artificial that Makoto subconsciously takes a step back. It's easy to forget when Kusuke's decked out in lace and whimpering beneath him that

he's actually...kind of a scary guy. Makoto isn't *scared*, though. Just...creeped out. Yep.

"You're *insane*," Makoto grits out. "And speaking of your many faults, you're a complete jackass for leaving such obvious marks on me last time we--" Makoto coughs, which when blocked by his mask, ends up coming back to hit his face. "I had a shirtless calendar photoshoot today, and it was humiliating as fuck to get asked a million questions about it!"

Kusuke snickers. "Ooh, be sure to send me a copy of that calendar to go along with my Mugami body pillow."

Makoto's face heats up under his mask. "Y-you have a what?!"

"Oh my god, I've never met anyone more gullible than you in my entire life. You actually believed that?"

"O-of course not!" Makoto shoots back.

Kusuke cracks up. "You totally did! I don't even understand why you think I'd need one. Why bother with a cotton replica when I can just fuck the real thing?"

Makoto nearly chokes. He'd feel comforted by his mask and sunglasses if it didn't somehow feel like Kusuke's eyes were burning right through their protective layer, which it *does*.

Kusuke's laughter dies down. "You're an absolute riot."

"Please just go away," Makoto whines. "And don't stand next to me! People will think we're here together!"

Kusuke elbows him. "I don't care what people think at all. They're all way dumber than me! Why should I waste time worrying about the opinions of monkeys?"

Makoto scoffs. "Monkeys, huh? Am I a monkey too?"

"Oh, absolutely you are. A very entertaining one, though."

Makoto rolls his eyes. "Thanks, it's literally my job," he replies sarcastically.

When it's finally Makoto's turn in line -- well, Makoto and *Kusuke's* turn in line, since Kusuke never walked away -- Makoto points towards a few of Kokomi's favorite desserts, while Kusuke orders some coffee jelly.

"Thank you for your orders, sirs! Will you be paying for that together or separately?"

Makoto clears his throat. "Sep--"

"Together!" Kusuke interrupts. He pulls out his wallet, and Makoto's eyes bulge. "My treat!"

"No way!" Makoto shoves Kusuke's hand away far more childishly than he'd intended, and instead thrusts his card in the barista's face. "I'll pay."

The barista offers him an uncomfortable grin, but complies with his request. Once their orders are picked up, Makoto scans the room for a place to sit. Fortunately, there seems to be a single table still available in the bustling room -- and Makoto pads over, relieved, but his relief only lasts about half a second.

"Yay! We found somewhere to sit!"

Makoto scowls. “We?!”

Makoto marches over to the table and plops down into a chair, and when Kusuke tries to pull out the chair beside it, Makoto latches onto it with his foot and refuses to budge. Kusuke folds his arms, raises his visible eyebrow, and taps his foot impatiently.

“This again?” Kusuke groans. Makoto sighs and moves his foot. He’d done something equally juvenile when he tried to lock Kusuke out of his car that strange night at the airport, and it worked just about as well then as it did now. Kusuke claps excitedly and then sits across from him.

“Thanks for paying,” he says as he opens up the box. “Has anyone ever told you that you have a very fragile ego?”

“Shut up!” Makoto snaps. Obviously no one has told him! First off, no one who works either with or for him has the audacity to speak to him like that, both out of respect for him and out of fear of his notoriously bad temper. He doesn’t really *mind* that everyone walks on eggshells around him. It’s nice to be feared and respected. If everyone treats him like a king, he’s more than fine with that.

If he really thinks about it, though...other than family, is Kusuke the *only* one who treats him like an actual person...?

Makoto huffs. Of course not! That would be ridiculous. And even if it were true, isn’t it just *annoying* that Kusuke is so brash?

Kusuke, it seems, has already moved on. “This is our second time eating sweets together!” he chirps as he takes a bite. Makoto rolls his eyes again, and he fears they may become trapped inside his skull if he spends too much longer in Kusuke’s presence.

“Yeah, and let’s hope it’s our last,” Makoto mumbles.

Kusuke takes another bite. “You know, your words and your actions don’t match up. You could totally just leave if you wanted to.”

Makoto cautiously takes off his mask as he prepares to try his shortcake, and immediately regrets it, because now Kusuke can clearly see just how much he’s pouting.

“No, that would be rude. You were gonna pay for my food. I’m not just gonna ditch you if you wanna spend time with me *that* badly.” Makoto picks off a strawberry. “I’m very charitable like that.”

Kusuke laughs. “*Me?* Want to spend time with *you*? Aw, cute guess, but sorry! I was just bored and you’re fun to mess with.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” Makoto says. He’s racking his brain for a comeback, but it’s made much more difficult when the cake is so distractingly tasty. Kusuke, too, appears impressed. Makoto gestures to the coffee jelly. “That any good?”

“Yeah, it is!” Kusuke chimes. He scoops up a spoonful, surveys it carefully, then shoves it in Makoto’s mouth. “Try some!”

Makoto sputters. “Dude, what the fuck?!” he chokes in between shallow breaths. Kusuke is nearly out of breath as well, but in his case, it’s from laughing too hard. Makoto quickly wipes the corners of his mouth and covers it with his napkin -- because there’s coffee jelly everywhere, but mostly because he’s *desperately* trying to suppress a smile. “What kind of low-effort prank was that?”

“Is that a challenge?” Kusuke says with a wink. Or a blink. Makoto can never tell, since one eye is always covered.

“Uh, no thanks,” Makoto says as he collects himself. He’s fairly sure he wouldn’t survive a prank-war with Kusuke. Kusuke feigns a pout, and Makoto debates flinging some shortcake into his smug face, but eventually decides against it.

They finish up their treats, and as Makoto begins to rise so he can leave, Kusuke stops him with his heel.

“Hey, come be a test subject at my lab.”

Makoto frowns. “What the hell? I’m obviously not gonna do that.”

“Fine, then come keep me company while I finish up my research paper.”

Makoto folds his arms. “In what world do you think I’d want to do that?”

Kusuke gives him a self-satisfied grin. “*This* world, genius. You were going to before.”

Makoto gulps. *So he did hear me back at the hotel.* He clamps his teeth onto his tongue. *How humiliating!*

“N-no I wasn’t!” Makoto tries, but just as it seems Kusuke’s about to start laughing again, Makoto slumps his shoulders in defeat. “Fuck you, man. Fine. But only for a bit, I have an early rehearsal tomorrow.”

“Yay!” Kusuke cheers.

Makoto fishes his phone out of his pocket. “Text me the address and I’ll meet you there, okay?”

Kusuke waggles his finger. “No way! If I do that, there’s a fifty percent chance you won’t actually come.”

Makoto sighs. Surprisingly, Kusuke is wrong -- he’d actually been intending to follow through, but it seems Kusuke’s inferiority complex is doing the talking, rather than his brain.

“Fine, then. But I’m gonna need a ride, because I’m *not* having my bodyguards take us there.”

“That’s okay! You can come in my car!”

Makoto snorts as he follows Kusuke out. “Alright, but I’m not so sure about whatever weird little car you must-- ” but he cuts himself off when Kusuke comes to a halt. “Wait, this--this can’t be-- ”

“Huh? Yeah, it’s this one.”

Makoto’s jaw drops. It’s an electric neon blue Ferrari convertible with lines so sharp they look laser-cut and curves as smooth as waves on the ocean. Cherry red caliper covers peek out behind inky black pinwheel hubcaps, and the standard headlights have been replaced with cobalt halogen angel eyes.

“Th-this is your car?!”

Kusuke shrugs. “One of them.”

“*One* of them?!”

“See? This is why you’re so much fun! Your reactions are always priceless!” Kusuke punches a button on his keys and the passenger door hinges straight up, and Makoto gawks at it. He’s an *actor*; he *lives* in the world of the rich and famous, so he’s seen more than his fair share of sweet rides. But Kusuke seems to have tinkered *heavily* with this one -- so much so that it seems like it just drove back in time from fifty years in the future. And it wouldn’t surprise Makoto if it *did* have a time-travel function. “Go on, get in already!”

Makoto fumbles with his mask. “I-I’m not impressed. Just surprised that you have such flashy taste,” he defends, and he slides inside the car beside Kusuke.

“What’s the point of having money if you can’t play around?” Kusuke says. Makoto scratches the back of his neck.

“Dunno. My parents don’t let me spend much of my earnings.”

Kusuke stifles a laugh. “That’s kinda pathetic! I have, like, tons of cars and houses. Sometimes I just blow them up.”

“The cars or the houses?!”

“Yes!”

Makoto sighs and reclines into the sporty seat cushions, and they drive in silence for a minute or so. “If you have so much money and so many houses, why do you stay in hotels when you’re back in Japan? Why don’t you just buy a house here?”

For a brief moment, Kusuke seems almost caught off guard, but then his eyes dart back to the road. “I have lots of houses in other places!” he replies, completely dodging the question, and Makoto scowls. *I don’t get this guy...* “Like in England! Also France, and Poland, and Spain. And lots of other countries, too.” He jabs Makoto on the arm. “You should come visit!”

“Why me?” Makoto grunts. “Shouldn’t you invite someone who actually *likes* you? Y’know, a *friend*?”

“I don’t have any,” Kusuke says, his usual fake cheerfulness turning even faker.

“You don’t have any friends?!”

“Nope!” Kusuke chirps, and Makoto sighs again.

Kusuke...whether or not you admit it to yourself, you actually want companionship, don’t you?

“Yeah, fine, whatever. I’ll visit. I travel a lot for work, anyways,” Makoto grumbles. If Kusuke’s going to be that way, then fine. But Makoto’s only agreeing because he feels bad for him. No other reason.

“Wait, really?!”

“If you say *‘just kidding,’* I’m gonna drive my heel through your fucking windshield.”

“Fine. I won’t say it, then,” Kusuke hums, and it’s clear that he’s pretending to act unbothered, but the slight rouge that dusts his visible cheek isn’t missed by Makoto’s discerning eyes. *What a tsundere! How annoying. Good thing I’m not anything like that.*

The rest of their ride is quiet, then they finally pull up to a rather ominous-looking building with

two stories but no windows. Makoto raises a suspicious eyebrow, and debates texting his bodyguards with his location just in case he actually *is* about to become a test subject -- but Kusuke lifts up the car door and beckons him out before he has the chance. On their way to the entrance, Makoto tries to picture what Kusuke's lab must look like: probably dark and sinister, filled with mysterious jars containing creepy skulls and eyeballs suspended in embalming fluid like in that one detective thriller he starred in.

He's wrong, though. *Very* wrong. Instead, Kusuke's lab looks like it was pulled right out of a sci-fi movie set: icy steel furnishings, neon blue lights as vibrant as his car, and droves of futuristic machinery Makoto couldn't put a name to even if his life was at stake. There's a slight metallic scent pervading the room, and Makoto feels almost like a kid again -- dazzled by space-age equipment so unabashedly *cool* that he can't help but feel giddy. Kusuke must've noticed him gaping, because he pokes him on the arm a few minutes later.

"Done staring?" he asks him. Makoto flushes.

"Y-yeah," he replies. There's no use denying it. He had to have been standing there like a stunned idiot for at least five minutes. Makoto silently curses himself for doing so.

Kusuke leads him over to a table near the back of his lab, then plucks a pair of glasses from a box nearby and slides them on. Makoto raises an eyebrow.

"You wear glasses?"

"Sometimes," Kusuke says with a shrug. Makoto smirks.

"Bet you'd be able to see even better if you didn't cover up one of your eyes like that."

Kusuke heaves a sigh. "That's dumb," he yawns, but still, he rakes a hand through his bangs and tucks them behind his ear, then turns towards Makoto. "Happy, pretty boy?"

"Shut up, rat," Makoto grumbles, but something undefinable pangs in Makoto's chest at the sight. It dawns on him a moment later that this is the first time he's ever seen Kusuke with his hair back when he's not pretending to be Kokomi -- and he looks...nice.

Makoto frantically looks away.

Kusuke begins scrawling on a notepad, and when Makoto gets bored of watching this about ten minutes later, he starts to wander.

In the center of the lab, there's a large tank filled with a strange turquoise fluid, hooked up to a maze of wires and buttons of which Makoto can't even *guess* their functions. He reaches out to test one of them, when a voice chirps up from behind him.

"You probably shouldn't touch that."

"Why?" Makoto snorts. "Would I die if I touched it?"

Kusuke grins. "Yeah, you would! First you'd be electrocuted, then your veins would be set on fire, and then you'd be crushed by that contraption above your head."

"W-what the fuck?!" Makoto stutters. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?!"

Kusuke snickers. "It would've been funny!"

“It would’ve been funny if I died?!”

“Oh yeah, hilarious,” Kusuke coos. He gets up and advances on Makoto’s position, surveys the machine, and then starts writing again. Makoto half-turns around, heavily pouting and *exceptionally* insulted, when he sees Kusuke start to reach out towards the equipment. Alarm charges through his body like a bolt of lightning.

“Dude, no!” Makoto wrenches his hands into Kusuke’s and yanks him back right before Kusuke’s fingers can brush the button. He pulls Kusuke back into his arms, protecting him from meeting whatever tragic fate was about to befall him -- but when Kusuke’s eyes meet his, he’s looking at Makoto like he’s absolutely mad.

“...I was totally kidding,” Kusuke murmurs. Their faces are only inches apart, but Makoto’s too shocked to let go. “You wanted to save me? That’s actually...kinda sweet.”

Makoto can feel himself getting increasingly flustered the longer Kusuke’s hand lingers in his, so he lets it go, almost urgently. “Y-you’re a jerk,” he stutters. “I wouldn’t just watch you die. I’m not some heartless monster.”

“Uh, sure,” Kusuke replies, uncharacteristically off-balance, then he flits back over to his table. Finally, his usual grin returns, but it doesn’t seem quite as fake this time. “I told you that you’re a lot nicer than you realize.”

“Shut--!” Makoto starts, but he notices he’s already said this far too many times to Kusuke today, so he gives up mid-sentence. Defeated, he plops down into a chair at the end of the table, and watches Kusuke as he tinkers with his machines and writes furiously on some sort of tablet.

He has to admit, it’s somewhat... *refreshing* to see Kusuke in his element, actually passionate about his work and focused on something other than making Makoto miserable. He looks like a real scientist as he works -- which he *is*, Makoto supposes -- decked out in his lab coat and glasses, absorbed in his research and completely in the zone, beeps and whirs rising up from the buttons he’s pressing with intent sharp enough to cut steel.

Makoto watches him in silence for around half an hour, without really minding that he’s not being paid any attention, until... *something* starts to bother him.

It’s certainly not his patience, though.

Makoto crosses his legs. *Now?!* He’ll admit, most men have had some sort of doctor fantasy, himself included, but none of his were about a *guy*. His body can’t seem to tell the difference, though. And that *has* to be the reason for the sensation tugging at his pants.

Makoto shrouds his face in his palm. *Maybe it’ll go away if I focus on something else?* Makoto stands up and starts to wander again, whistling to distract himself, but he deeply regrets it a moment later when Kusuke turns around.

“Why are you wandering again-- *oh*.” Kusuke starts to giggle. “Seriously, man?”

“Shut up! Sometimes it just randomly happens! You’re a guy, right?! You gotta understand!” Makoto defends, but his cheeks feel like they’re about to catch on fire.

Kusuke shakes his head. “You really are hilarious,” he says, and he starts to approach Makoto.

“H-heh, what are you--” Makoto starts, but Kusuke doesn’t let him finish; in a swift series of motions, he sets down his tablet, licks his hand, then jams it down Makoto’s pants. Makoto lets out

an undignified yelp.

“Just let me help you,” Kusuke giggles. “It always feels way better to have someone else do it. Consider this returning the favor of coming to my lab to entertain me.”

Makoto starts to protest, but his voice gets caught in his throat. Kusuke’s fingers trace across the sensitive maze of veins around his length, and Makoto quivers.

Kusuke’s free hand presses into the planes of his abdomen, steadying Makoto as he grazes across him with the lightness of a feather, then he gradually builds the pressure. Kusuke’s hands touch him as if he might shatter; maybe he would. Willingly, though, knowing Kusuke is the only one who could ever put him back together again.

Makoto’s knees buckle, and he fights the urge to wrap his arms around Kusuke’s slender back in an attempt to keep himself upright. Kusuke lets out a low chuckle, seemingly aware of his struggle, so he takes a step forward and slams Makoto into one of the steel cabinets behind him. Half of Makoto’s breath abandons his body -- it’s only a reflexive recoil in his chest that keeps him from being left gasping for air. The frigid metal feels like ice against his spine, and it’s like he’s been caught in a vicious snowstorm, and all Makoto wants is to freeze.

Kusuke presses again, and there’s a slight guilt that settles in Makoto’s stomach, from only taking pleasure without giving it back. It’s selfish, it’s greedy, it’s animalistic -- but it’s not *filthy*, and it doesn’t feel *wrong*. If anything, it’s a bit unnerving, doing something like this when they’re both *themselves* -- no pretending, no putting on an act for each other, just the two of them pressed together in apprehensive honesty. Kusuke’s palm kneads against his hilt, and Makoto shudders.

There’s a thick haze that settles heavily in Makoto’s mind, and he starts to feel woozy. He’s fully aware that he’s panting into Kusuke’s shoulder, stifling a moan with every other breath, but he no longer has control of his body. *Kusuke* does. It’s only when they’re standing this close that Makoto realizes Kusuke is actually slightly taller than him, made only worse by Makoto’s slouching. It’s *awkward* -- Makoto doesn’t know where to put his hands, so he settles for digging his fingers into his own thighs.

“Quiet down,” Kusuke whispers into his ear. Makoto whimpers.

“*Why?*” he groans. “Who the hell is gonna hear me?”

“Uh, the other people here,” Kusuke snickers, and when he does, it tickles. Makoto bites his tongue.

“O-other people?!” he stammers.

“It’s no big deal, they’re not gonna see. And I can always erase the security camera feed.”

“Camera feed?!”

“Just relax,” Kusuke hums, and Makoto’s body obeys him without a second thought. He continues dragging his fingers from base to tip, and Makoto squeezes his eyes shut -- then reopens them.

They make somewhat uncomfortable eye contact between strokes, and Makoto swallows hard.

...is it weird if I kiss him?

Makoto’s eyes drop to Kusuke’s lips, and Kusuke’s eyes drop to his. Slowly, Makoto leans in, and Kusuke does the same, and just when they’re about to touch together--

“Kusuke-sensei, could you look this over for me?” calls a voice from a room somewhat far away from them. Kusuke’s eyes spring wide, and he wrenches open the cabinet doors from behind Makoto -- and shoves him in.

And when he does, the back of Makoto’s hand scrapes across the edge of the door, slicing it open as something red and warm drips onto his wrist. Makoto clutches it urgently as he chews on his lip, desperate to quell his whines of pain as muffled voices speak on the other side of the cabinet.

A few minutes pass, and when Kusuke reopens the door, a slight expression of shock flickers across his soft features.

“Did I do that?” he asks anxiously.

“Yes, you asshole!” Makoto hisses back.

Kusuke frowns. “Uh...whoops.”

“‘*Whoops?*’ Fuck you, man! You didn’t have to shove so hard!”

Kusuke shrugs, and his usual airiness returns. “Sorry! Desperate times call for desperate measures. Alright, follow me.”

Makoto grumbles curses under his breath, but complies. Kusuke pulls out a first-aid kit from a box on the far side of the room, and outstretches his hand as a request for Makoto to hold up his own.

Kusuke takes Makoto’s hand in his, and inspects the cut with a grimace. He takes out an alcohol swab out of the kit and wipes the wound with it, and Makoto cringes. It's like a million tiny needles are pricking at his skin.

“Shit, that stings like a bitch!” he chokes.

“Don’t be such a baby,” Kusuke teases, but behind the taunt, he seems almost genuinely concerned -- even if he’s trying to hide it.

“Sorry. I guess it's fine,” Makoto grumbles. “I’ve hurt you way worse.”

Kusuke frowns. “Yeah, because I *asked* you to.”

Kusuke’s glaring intently at the scratch, tending to it with surprising gentleness, a deep scowl etched into his wrinkled brows. Unconsciously, Makoto chuckles.

“What’s so funny?” Kusuke asks him.

“Nothing, really. I just...didn’t know you could make an expression like that.”

Something flashes across Kusuke’s face. “Like what?”

“You’re frowning.”

Kusuke blinks. “Y-yeah, because you’re wasting my precious time.” Makoto smirks.

You’re a lot nicer than you realize too, you know that?

Kusuke finishes wrapping up the cut in gauze, then drops Makoto’s hand back to his side. “Go finish at home by yourself. I have to get back to work.”

“W-what? You’re gonna do something like that to me, beat me up, and then leave me hanging?!”

Kusuke chimes with laughter. “Sorry! I really have a lot to do, though.”

“You asshole! My hand still hurts like hell!” There’s a fierce throb pulsing through his veins, and Makoto’s starting to feel uncomfortably faint.

“Aw, you poor thing,” Kusuke mocks. “C’mere, I’ll make it better.”

“Huh? Wait, what do you--”

Kusuke picks up Makoto’s hand and kisses it gently, with an exaggerated, “*mwah!*” then he sets it back down.

“There. That any better?”

“No!” Makoto whines, but...it *does* feel better. A *lot* better. The sharp sting ebbs to a dull ache, and the dizziness fades from Makoto’s brain. Kusuke smiles at him sheepishly, then waves him off.

“Call your bodyguards to pick you up or something,” he says dismissively. “And... *I’ll* text you later, okay?”

“Fine,” Makoto grunts. “Uh...see you later.”

Kusuke waves at him languidly. “Bye bye, pretty boy.”

“Bye, you damn rat.”

Makoto walks about a kilometer away from Kusuke’s lab to prevent anyone from being privy to his actual location, then calls his chauffeur to take him home. He spends the ride back in contemplative silence, mind and body swirling with a thousand different feelings, and he smacks his face into his palm to try and stop it. It fails.

When he’s finally back in the safety of his room, he locks his door, unzips his pants, and finishes what Kusuke started. After he’s done, he glares up at the ceiling, drowning in his intrusive thoughts.

Getting shoved into a cabinet was remarkably unpleasant. And come to think of it, why did he go to Kusuke’s lab in the first place? Why did he even let Kusuke sit down with him at the cafe? He’s annoying, isn’t he? *Isn’t* he?

And why did his hand hurt so much less when Kusuke kissed it? *This is so stupid*, Makoto says to himself with a sigh. Kusuke must know some sort of pressure point technique, he decides. He does have a doctorate in anatomy. So that *must* be the reason.

...there’s another explanation, of course. An explanation that scares the hell out of him, and Makoto really, *really* doesn’t want to think about it.

Intentionally, Makoto bangs his hand against the bedpost, and it starts to hurt again.

Oh man, these poor idiots are **really** in trouble now.

Thanks for your patience with this update! I've gotten a bit busier lately, but this fic is still definitely a priority. It just brings me so much joy. Silly, I know, but I just love these disasters with my whole heart. Hope you all do, too.

The Reprise

Chapter Notes

Hey, and thanks for coming back! This chapter is the filthiest this fic will get, and I hope you dirty bastards enjoy it. I gave up the last shreds of my soul for this. At least emotions hit at the end.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Makoto wakes up to the ear-splitting blare of his alarm clock ringing right next to his face, and instinctively, he wrenches his hand around it and chucks it across the room. It whams into his wall with a dull thud, and a chip of drywall tumbles off the point of impact and collides with his floor in a puff of dust. The alarm clock makes one last dying sound, a strained half-ring, and then its mechanical life snuffs out.

Makoto heaves a sigh. Okay, perhaps he'd thrown that a bit harder than necessary. So much for *that* alarm clock. He reaches into his bedside table and pulls out one of his numerous spares -- this isn't the first time he's done this, nor will it be the last -- and sets it down onto his desk. *Gently*.

Makoto lazily rubs his eyes. His eyelids feel like they have weights tethered to the tips of his lashes that are dragging them down, and Makoto is in no mood to have a workout just from trying to keep his eyes open. He'd barely slept anyways, since his mind kept wandering to the events of the day before, and now he's having trouble discerning how much of his thoughts last night had been real and how much of them he'd dreamed.

Come to think of it, was the entire previous *day* a dream? A *nightmare*, Makoto internally corrects. No time spent with Kusuke could be anything otherwise. It hadn't been particularly bad, per se, especially when Kusuke's hand was squirming down Makoto's pants, but Makoto still decides it was a nightmare. The sweets shop was kind of fun, though, and maybe it was a little bit nice to get treated as a person rather than as an untouchable idol, even if Kusuke was kind of annoying about it. Kusuke's car was pretty cool, and Makoto's admittedly curious about all of his others that he mentioned. Also, Kusuke's lab was like something straight out of a sci-fi fantasy, so it totally makes sense why Makoto wants to go back so badly. He definitely could've done without the way it ended, though. His head still aches from where it slammed against the inside of the cabinet, and as for his hand...

...his hand still hurts. It would probably hurt a lot less by now if Makoto would stop purposefully slamming it against something every time he thinks about Kusuke kissing it, but the alternative of letting Kusuke's comfort work its weird magic is oddly terrifying, so Makoto keeps doing it. Oh well, it's a worthy exchange. Makoto slinks to his bathroom and splashes his weary face with cold water, sending shivers through the pads of his fingers down to the tips of his toes, and then he trudges out of his room without bothering to look in the mirror.

Normally, his house is somewhat bustling this time of morning, with Kokomi grooming herself for school, his father preparing to head off to work, and his mother cooking breakfast. But today, Makoto hears no humming from behind Kokomi's door, no scrapes of his father's shoes against the hardwood, nor any sizzling from his mother's favorite pan in the kitchen. He frowns. He

misses the usual smell of bacon. *What's different about this morning? Where the hell are they?*

When he arrives at the base of the stairs, he pauses. The three of them are gathered on the couch, crowded around something that's obscured by their backs. They're making soft cooing noises, musing about how cute "it" is, and Makoto strains his neck to try and take a peek at whatever it is they're talking about when suddenly a meow arises from in front of them.

It's not from *their* cat, though.

Makoto bolts over to them, and when he does, his jaw hangs open. Their cat *is* on the table -- but she's not alone. Perched beside her is a small white kitten with a pastel pink collar, and a shiny bow tied onto it with a heart-shaped nametag that reads, '*Volt.*'

There's something off about this kitten, though. Like, *really* off.

"Aw, look how cute it is!" his mother chirps. "It doesn't even have a nose!"

Makoto does a double-take. She's right; it doesn't. *Oi, you should be way more worried about that than you are right now!*

His father pats its head affectionately. "And look at those big beady eyes! They look like buttons!"

Makoto grits his teeth. Upon closer inspection...they *are* buttons.

Kusuke!

"Who the hell let that thing in?!" Makoto barks, and his whole family jumps as if startled. The kitten jumps, too -- right into Makoto's arms. It purrs softly, and cuddles against his cheek. Makoto yelps.

"It likes you!" Kokomi chimes, her voice radiant as -- *ah hell, this cat's claws are digging into my wrist!* He'll have to think of a good metaphor for Kokomi later. For now, only Kusuke's smug face is coming to mind. Makoto almost snaps that *he* doesn't like the cat back, when he realizes it's the first time Kokomi's spoken to him in the past week. Well, at least the cat is serving *some* purpose.

"Where did you guys find this thing?" Makoto rephrases his earlier question, and his mother chuckles.

"It was left in a cute little basket on the porch!" She exchanges glances with his father, and they both start to uncontrollably giggle.

"What's so funny?!"

His mother fishes something out of her bathrobe pocket -- a card -- and hands it to Makoto. "It's for you." Makoto whisks it out of her hand with far more urgency than necessary, and rips it open.

'Hey pretty boy, sorry about yesterday! :P This little guy can give you a full medical exam, just press his front left paw pad three times. Don't worry too much about all the needles. Unless you're squeamish, of course, in which case you should be very, very worried.

I'll send his full manual later. For now, hopefully his kisses will be better than mine was at making you feel better. By the way, this counts as me texting you, so when you want to see me again, send me a picture of yourself with your new friend. LOL. -Rat'

Makoto gulps. *It's for me?* Well, he'd *known* it was for him, but he never imagined it would be

something nice, not just something to mess with him. *So Kusuke feels that bad about accidentally hurting me?* That feels...strange. And unlike the bird Kusuke had sent to disrupt Makoto's filming that one time, this one is actually kind of cute.

Kusuke is wrong about one thing, though. His kiss...actually worked.

"Ooh, what does it say?" his mother asks suggestively. Makoto smacks his palm into his forehead.

"N-nothing!" he insists. This fools no one.

"Maybe this cute kitty is a present from a girlfriend?" his father says as he elbows his wife, who erupts into a fit of giggles again.

"Girlfriend?! I-I don't have a girlfriend! He's just-- *he's* --" Makoto cuts himself off. No way he's finishing that sentence. Mainly because he has no idea how it would end, nor does he want to.

His father's eyes widen. "...we're alright no matter who you love, son!"

"H-huh?! What? N-no, it's not that either! I'm not gay!"

The kitten -- *Volt* -- bats at his cheek again. His parents stifle their laughter, then his father sets off for work, and his mom pads into the kitchen. Kokomi's still eyeing Volt squirming in Makoto's arms, and Makoto gawks at her.

"Kokomi, I'm not gay!"

She frowns. "Yeah, I know."

Makoto gulps. Her frustration at his antics is somewhat softened due to the adorable creature he's holding, but it still burns through his skull all the same.

Volt meows again. "Uh...sorry about that creepy gift I got you." His eyes drop to the floor.

She stands up and dusts herself off. "It's okay. I'm kind of used to it by now." She rakes a hand through her hair, then sets back off towards the stairs.

Makoto sighs. Well, at least she's talking to him again. He glares down at Volt, who's currently making soft chirping noises as it plays with his hair, and sets it down onto the couch.

"You're such a freak," he says to it, as if he were speaking to its creator. "You know, you're making it—"

Makoto cuts himself off, and grits his teeth.

You're making it really hard for me to keep telling myself that I hate you.

Volt tilts its head at him innocently, and Makoto sighs again. He scoops the mechanical kitten back into his arms, and tries to ignore how sweet it is when Volt starts purring against him.

"C'mon, you little pest. Let's go take a picture."

Volt crawls up onto his shoulders, and Makoto makes his way up the stairs back into his room. He plops down on his bed with a huff, and Volt hops off onto his pillow. Makoto reclines beside it, swipes his phone off his desk, and opens his front camera. Volt cuddles up next to him and licks his cheek, and Makoto sticks out his tongue and flips off the camera. He snaps a picture, then opens up his text messages. He sends it to Kusuke as requested. Kusuke replies about fifteen

minutes later.

'Aww, look! A couple of besties already~~'

Makoto scowls. Volt kneads his shoulder.

'stfu man what were you thinking? we already have a cat'

'I know, but now she has a friend!'

Makoto supposes that much is true. At least they don't have to feed or clean up after it or anything.

'ugh ok i guess that's fine'

Makoto pauses, then comes to a realization a moment later.

'WAIT HOW TF DID YOU KNOW I HAVE A CAT'

'I have my ways!'

Makoto grinds his teeth. That creep! He scans his room for a hidden camera, then realizes it's likely right next to him.

'YOU MADE A MECHANICAL CAT TO SPY ON ME????'

'As if. I had nothing but virtuous intentions sending it to you! Believe me, my methods are not so transparent as that.'

Makoto groans. He believes him.

'fine but im not letting this thing give me a medical exam'

'Would you like me to do it instead, then? ;)'

Makoto gulps. The doctor fantasy briefly resurfaces, and he shoves it as deep down as possible.

'uhh cant we just do what we normally do'

Kusuke replies a couple of minutes later.

'I suppose. I'm visiting my family today, so if you're free tonight, I think I might need it. LOL.'

Makoto grimaces. He's actually not free tonight; he has a dinner meeting with one of the producers of his detective show. Apparently, his daughter is a big fan, and his producer has demanded that he make an appearance to appease her. He glares at the reminder on his calendar, nods once to himself, then makes a decision.

'yeah, im free. ill get the hotel again and text you with the info in a bit'

'Yaaay! Great! I'll see you tonight. Until then, play with your new buddy.'

Volt yawns beside him. Makoto rolls his eyes.

'fuck that, im going back to sleep. see you later'

Makoto doesn't go back to sleep, though. A few minutes later, he calls up his producer, and

reschedules for the following evening.

And then, the doctor fantasy comes back.

Evening arrives far slower than Makoto would've liked it to. He selects a hotel almost as lavish as the one before — he can't spend *that* much again, because his parents asked him about it and concocting a believable lie was far more difficult than he'd care to admit — and arrives about an hour earlier than he'd told Kusuke to meet him. He shoves open the door, ready to attempt to prepare himself for the evening, but he's granted no such convenient blessings.

"You're here early," Kusuke hums. He hasn't bothered to turn on the lights in the room, and the curtains shrouding the floor-length windows that cover the wall on the far side of the room are drawn shut. Makoto whacks his hand against the lightswitch with excessive annoyance, and Kusuke tucks his hands behind his head and leans triumphantly against the headboard of the bed. Makoto feels his cheeks heat up.

"So?! You're here even earlier! You should be way more embarrassed than I am!" Makoto shoots back.

"Embarrassed?" Kusuke repeats as he raises an eyebrow. "I'm not embarrassed at all. Are you?"

"N-no!" Makoto tries, but Kusuke starts to laugh, and Makoto's shoulders slump.

Kusuke's dressed similarly to how he'd been the day before, albeit without the lab coat. The only additional change is that now, he's wearing the same strange tiara he'd been wearing the day they first met — and Makoto points to it quizzically.

"By the way, what the fuck is that thing? Is it some sort of gay-ass hair accessory? It looks weird as hell."

Kusuke's eyes widen, just slightly, and then he takes it off and sets it on the nightstand beside him. "Don't worry about it."

Makoto exhales, and peels off his own disguise. "Please, as if I'd ever worry about *you*."

Kusuke snorts. "The feeling is mutual."

Makoto smirks at his response. "Oh, yeah? Is that why you sent a special present to take care of me?"

Kusuke rolls his eyes. "It was only out of obligation." He offers Makoto a condescending grin. "I'm not some heartless monster."

Makoto scowls. He doesn't appreciate his words from the lab when he'd 'saved' Kusuke being used against him. He has the perfect comeback this time, though.

Makoto grins back, and shrugs off his coat. "The hell are you talking about? Yes you are."

Something flashes across Kusuke's face, and his lips twist into a sultry smile. "You're right." He starts to unbutton his shirt. "I am."

Makoto crosses the room without hesitation, and shoves Kusuke's shoulders down into the mattress. He climbs atop him and slams their lips together, and their tongues intertwine. It's messy

and it's rough, and Makoto grinds his hips hungrily against Kusuke's, and Kusuke lets out a muffled moan. Kusuke throws his arms around Makoto's shoulders, and Makoto slips his under Kusuke's back. Something in Makoto's stomach stirs, and he shakily fumbles with the rest of the buttons on Kusuke's shirt. He finally manages to tear it open, and he wrenches off his own shirt and presses their chests together, until all that remains is the thudding of Kusuke's heartbeat against the tremors of his own.

"Uh, by the way..." Kusuke pants between kisses as he threads his fingers into Makoto's hair, "...what are you doing?"

Makoto starts to answer, but Kusuke's grip tightens around the roots of his hair, and he yanks Makoto back down to his lips. Their limbs tangle together a few minutes more as they writhe against each other, when Makoto finally finds the resolve to pull away and respond.

"I—I dunno," he stutters, as he realizes that he barely knows the answer himself. It's not like either of them is pretending to be someone else, so..."I needed to get in the mood."

Kusuke chuckles beneath him. "And making out with *me* gets you in the mood?"

Makoto can feel the tips of his ears redden. "Shut up! It's only a physical thing!"

Kusuke giggles. "Yeah, I know. It's still funny, though."

Makoto uprights himself and covers his burning face with his hand. Well, if he wasn't in the mood before, he *definitely* is now. Kusuke can clearly tell, because he starts to chuckle.

"Here. You're gonna need these." He hands Makoto that damn pair of green glasses, and Makoto swipes them from his hands with a frown.

I hate these fucking things.

Makoto slides them on regardless, and the room is tinted lime. "Same safe word? 'Psychic'?" he asks.

There's an undefinable expression that flickers across Kusuke's face, but it's gone just as quickly as it came.

"Y-yeah. Also...don't hold back at *all* today, okay? I know you have issues with your anger," Kusuke says with a smirk, but his voice almost seems forlorn. "Take it all out on me."

"I don't have--!" Makoto starts to shout, but he cuts himself off because he knows Kusuke isn't exactly wrong. *Oh, that's right. Kusuke saw his shitty brother earlier today.* Makoto clenches his fists.

Time to get into character. Makoto clears his throat.

"Get on your knees, open your mouth, and close your eyes."

Kusuke blinks, and reaches up to fully remove the shirt still barely clinging onto his shoulders, but Makoto smacks his hand away before he can.

"Did I say you could get undressed? I don't want to see that right now. Do what I asked you to do first."

Kusuke slides to the carpet into a kneeling position, and Makoto pushes to his feet in front of him.

He rakes a hand into Kusuke's hair and wrenches his head back, and when Kusuke sticks out his tongue, there's a hint of a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"Good grief, you're smiling at me treating you like this? Just how perverted are you? I'm going to have to fix that."

Kusuke doesn't *verbally* respond, but his eyes say far more than his words ever could. They tell the story of nearly two decades worth of inferiority-induced obsession and admiration, and it spikes an unsettling tensi in Makoto's chest.

"I told you to close your eyes," he grits out. Kusuke's eyelids flutter shut, his dark lashes casting darker shadows on his burning cheeks. Makoto slides his hand from Kusuke's locks down to the underside of his chin, and he tilts it upwards. Kusuke visibly shakes with anticipation.

As quietly as he can manage -- he doesn't want to give Kusuke *any* warnings or chances to prepare himself -- he unbuttons his jeans and unzips them, then pulls out the heat between his legs. After one last shallow breath, he rams himself into Kusuke's mouth, and Kusuke lets out a panicked shriek; or at least, he *tries*. He's not very successful, though, and it ends up becoming a choke suppressed by Makoto's length, which sends vibrations coursing through him that cause every vein in his body to tremble.

They've only done this once before, and Makoto had been so nervous he could barely enjoy it. But that's *certainly* not the case this time. Kusuke's throat is warm and wet, and quickly, he becomes acutely aware of both the roughness of his tongue and the ridges on the top of his mouth as they close around him. It takes every ounce of his effort not to voice his pleasure as his instincts beg him to -- but he *can't* expend all his restraint here, because he knows he's going to need a hell of a lot of it to get through the evening in-character. That bland shitty four-eyes wouldn't moan at this. So neither can he.

But *god*, does he *want* to.

He forces himself deeper into Kusuke's throat, and Kusuke sputters. He drags a hand back to Kusuke's hair, then snakes the other behind the nape of his neck; Kusuke's eyes squeeze shut even tighter, and he flinches when Makoto starts driving in and out of his mouth like he's done elsewhere on his body. When Makoto pauses to catch his breath, Kusuke's tongue swirls around him hungrily like he's trying to devour him whole, and the spirals make the room spin around him. Kusuke's impressive lack of a gag reflex was *already* making him dizzy; so when Kusuke's hands trace up his legs and graze the tops of his thighs, Makoto jerks him backwards.

"Keep your hands in your lap," Makoto commands. Kusuke obeys. "I don't want you to touch me more than you already are."

Kusuke quivers with an anguished whine, so Makoto stuffs himself inside of him again. He resumes his thrusts, impaling his throat like a spear, almost sharp and just as lethal, as if he's trying to pierce the back of his skull. Kusuke tries to keep up, but his tongue falters, and Makoto can tell he's having trouble breathing. Which gives him an idea that borders on *evil*.

He removes his hand from the back of Kusuke's neck and positions it on the bridge of his nose, and pinches it tightly. Kusuke makes a strained sound, and his eyes spring wide with panic.

"This is all you're good for. You need to try harder," Makoto hisses. "If you want to breathe again, you need to earn it."

Kusuke chokes on the air trapped beneath his breathless lungs, and his eyes begin to drip. Makoto

pumps himself against the lips now slick with saliva, and when he slams against the back of Kusuke's mouth, the mounting pleasure between his legs erupts down Kusuke's throat. When he withdraws, Kusuke keels over and coughs, and something white and sticky runs down onto his chin, tainted faintly pink by the red dripping out from the corner of his mouth.

Makoto almost asks if he's okay, but he still hasn't used their safe word, and Kusuke would likely loathe him for breaking character. And he... *really* doesn't want that, for some reason. Instead, Makoto clears his throat.

"Good grief, you couldn't even keep it down. What a disappointment. You look disgusting."

"I'm--sorry," Kusuke croaks, but his mouth twitches into a debased grin. "I...lost again."

"Of course you did," Makoto spits. He wipes some of the white off Kusuke's jaw, and catches some of the saltwater from his cheeks onto his fingers -- then he drenches himself with the sinful mixture of his own come and Kusuke's tears. "Now stand up, strip, get to the edge of the bed, and bend over."

Kusuke rises shakily to his feet, and submits to Makoto completely, obeying each of his commands one by one. He drapes his torso onto the mattress, legs trembling as he roots his toes into the carpet. Makoto slides his hands onto Kusuke's hips, digging his nails into the magnificently soft skin, and ghosts of the fingerprints he left on him last time he starred in this role flicker across Kusuke's back like phantoms. Now, Makoto's eager to mark him yet again, but this time, he wants to leave even *more*. In a single motion, he buries himself entirely inside of Kusuke, and his vision crackles with stars.

"Ah!" Kusuke cries, and Makoto's body lights on fire. He hadn't considered how overly stimulated he would be, since he's already finished once, and only moments ago -- it *burns*, but he *wants* to get burned, he *wants* to go up in flames, until the two of them are nothing more than smoke and ash. At least *that* way, they could die together.

That might be nice.

He bottoms out inside of Kusuke, and Kusuke tightens around him as if his body is trying to protest. But his words are in direct opposition, and he loudly begs Makoto to go harder, *harder*, until his decadent moans are the only thing that resonate in the air. His breath hitches in an erratic cadence that Makoto finds himself unconsciously matching, and Makoto clamps his teeth onto his tongue until he feels it burst -- again, he *knows* that expressionless bastard of a brother wouldn't moan back, so all he can do is try to hide his gasps of pleasure behind Kusuke's groans.

Something carnal and aggressive overtakes Makoto, and Kusuke's mewling like a lost deer trapped in the jaws of a lion, so Makoto drapes himself over Kusuke's back to shove his fingers in his mouth from behind.

"You need to shut yourself up, or *I* will."

Kusuke nods weakly, and that velvety voice of his softens to quiet whimpers as Makoto buries himself in again. When he removes his fingers from Kusuke's throat and smacks into his backside, Kusuke bites the sheets to keep from crying again, but to no avail. His fingers grip the covers desperately, and a sliver of light peeks out from behind the curtains on the wall, and Makoto gets another deliciously awful idea.

"Get up," Makoto demands as he pulls out of Kusuke, who whines in response. "Go over to the window, open up the curtains, and don't you dare turn around."

Kusuke disobeys almost immediately, and flips over to face him. “Wh-what?!” he falters. Makoto knits his brows into a deep scowl.

“Are you going to disappoint me again?”

Kusuke shakes his head, and stumbles over to the window. He cautiously peels open the curtain and presses himself against the glass, and it’s evident that its stability is the only thing keeping him standing.

Makoto staggers over to him and slides into him from behind, and Kusuke fails to suppress a sob. When he starts to move, the glass shakes; Kusuke tries to grip it, but instead his fingers slip, sweat from his palms leaving sticky handprints against its surface. Kusuke’s knees start to buckle, and Makoto digs harder into the pockets of his hipbones as he thrusts.

“Now everyone can see what a filthy degenerate you are,” Makoto snarls. Kusuke’s reflection cringes, and the window begins to steam up from his hot breaths. Makoto dips his head behind Kusuke’s shoulder blades -- *he* can’t be seen. Kusuke leans his forehead against the window and gazes down at the street below, and Makoto’s eyes follow. Cars drive innocently by, their roofs dimmed by the violet twilight descending onto the city, and it suddenly dawns on Makoto that someone might actually see them.

Well...someone might see *Kusuke*.

A strange possessiveness grips his chest, and he pulls out of Kusuke without warning, then throws him towards the bed. Kusuke’s back collides with the mattress a moment later, and he cries out in surprise.

“Enough of that,” Makoto seethes. “You’re *mine*.”

He approaches the bed and settles atop of Kusuke, and without breaking eye contact, he plunges himself back inside of him. He slams into Kusuke again and again, and Kusuke’s moans are an ever-shifting mix of pain and pleasure. Makoto leaves his marks everywhere he can -- Kusuke’s arms, his ribs, his shoulders -- and the wetness that seeps onto the base of Makoto’s hilt only worsens the ache all over it. His whole body is an electrical storm, each thrust jolting him like a strike of lightning, and Kusuke wraps his arms around Makoto’s back.

“Don’t cling onto me like that!” Makoto says, but he regrets it as soon as the words leave his mouth. He *knows* it’s something the person he’s pretending to be would say, but as for *him*... Kusuke looks *vulnerable*, and their brief closeness brought Makoto a deep comfort he’d never admit aloud, to Kusuke or even to himself.

He hikes Kusuke’s legs up to his shoulders, and drives into him with all the force of gravity. Kusuke reflexively struggles against him, so Makoto reaches up to pin down his wrists. Kusuke grits his teeth, and his eyes start to spill over again in waterfalls. Makoto pauses.

“Hey, are you really oka--”

“I’m fine!” Kusuke cuts him off, and his voice cracks. “Don’t stop!”

“Alright,” Makoto says breathlessly as he gives in to the pleasure. “I won’t.”

Kusuke bows his back as he wriggles down, and Makoto utterly surrenders. The slight guilt still tugs at the back of his mind, but then Kusuke lets out a particularly lascivious moan, and Makoto’s lungs betray him.

I guess it's okay, if he's into it...

Kusuke shivers beneath him.

And I'm into it...

This thought makes him instantly panic. *Wait, I'm into it?!* Admittedly, his body feels incredible, but that's entirely different from the feeling stirring in his chest. *No way am I into it!* Makoto's straight, isn't he?!

Kusuke grinds his hips against Makoto's, and Makoto nearly cries.

Okay, fuck it. I'm into it.

Not Kusuke, though, but he's *definitely* awakened a lot of kinks he never thought he'd have. The two of them rock together for what feels like infinity, and Makoto finds himself wishing their embrace could truly last that long.

Kusuke's breathing speeds up, and he opens his mouth to speak.

"Ku..su..." He starts to choke out his brother's name, but before he can finish, Makoto slaps his hand over Kusuke's mouth again.

"Can you shut up already?!" he snarls. Kusuke struggles to nod, but Makoto's hand holds him immobile like concrete around his neck. "I don't want to hear your dirty mouth say my name."

It's *not* his name, though. He's not sure why, but something about it makes his vision spike with red.

Makoto lets go of his mouth and ravages Kusuke again, pumping his hips faster and harder, until they're pushed to the verge of a precipice, teetering dangerously over a cliff Makoto knows he can never climb back up from.

That would be okay, though.

Kusuke sweeps his fingertips gently onto Makoto's shoulders, and he heaves a deep sigh.

"*Please* let me hold you," he begs. "I've been good."

Makoto's heart skips a beat, and he grinds his teeth.

"F-fine."

Kusuke's hands crawl to his shoulders, and he lets out a cry of depraved joy. Finally, Makoto can't help but do the same, and Kusuke's eyes meet his with slight disbelief. He doesn't seem particularly upset about it -- rather, he looks as though he's earned a small victory, something he craves more deeply than life itself, and his grip on Makoto's shoulders grows significantly tighter.

Their eye contact remains for a short while, until Kusuke squeezes his eyes shut again, arching his spine off of the mattress as he slams down onto Makoto's hips. Makoto bites his tongue to hold back a whimper, but he's not entirely successful. Instead, the only thing he can focus on are the ragged breaths rising from beneath him.

His eyes drop to Kusuke's lips, still slick with what's likely a mix of blood, come, tears, and drool, but all Makoto remembers is all the times they've collided with his.

I want to kiss him.

Kusuke clutches him closer, and Makoto's chest sinks.

I really, really want to kiss him.

Kusuke squirms against him, and his nails dig into Makoto's back.

In this scenario, how can I stay in-character and still get to kiss him?

"Kusuke," Makoto whispers, and Kusuke's eyes open again at the sound of his name. "I want you to repeat after me."

Kusuke nods, ready to obey.

"You are worthless. I will always be better than you."

Kusuke whimpers. "I am worthless. You will always be better than me."

"No matter what, you are always going to lose."

"No matter what, I am always going to lose."

"Good," Makoto hisses. His gut twists, and something about the words he's just spoken make him feel absolutely sick. "You don't deserve what I'm about to do to you."

Before Kusuke can speak again, Makoto crashes their lips together, burying himself as deep inside of Kusuke as he can possibly reach. A coppery and salty taste coats his tongue, and Kusuke moans against him as their breaths circulate between each other. Makoto melts into Kusuke's warmth, and Kusuke's arms circle around him, gathering Makoto against him, and they sway the entire bed, tangled together, still kissing. It's surprisingly passionate for who Makoto is supposed to be -- but he doesn't care in the slightest. Makoto's breath gets caught in his throat and instinctively, without his control, thoughts seep into his mind.

You're not worthless, Kusuke.

The image of a tiny mechanical cat sent to take care of him, pouncing on his chest, streaks across his memories. It's *cute*, almost endearing, and it made him... *happy*.

You're not worthless at all.

But these are not things Makoto can tell him.

With one last fiery thrust, Makoto spills into him. Kusuke's final whimper is suppressed by Makoto's lips, but Makoto can feel something hot and sticky splash against his abdomen, its wetness sliding between them as they slow down together. When Makoto finally pulls away, they're both panting, and Kusuke flops back onto the bed and slams his eyes shut.

Makoto's strength is completely sapped, so he tumbles down beside him. Their shoulders graze against each other, and almost urgently, Makoto twitches away.

"Holy *fuck*," Kusuke groans a few minutes later. "That was *amazing*."

Makoto gulps. "Uhh...you really liked it?" he asks apprehensively.

Kusuke nods. "That was the best damn sex I've ever had."

Makoto feels his cheeks heat up. He's almost surprised Kusuken would admit that, but Kusuken's usual withdrawal is likely significantly weakened at the moment.

"That's...flattering, I guess," Makoto eventually responds. It's *really* flattering, actually, and Makoto feels far more accomplished about it than he probably should.

They lie together a couple minutes longer in a feeble attempt to recover, and surprisingly, Kusuken sits up before Makoto manages to.

"I need to shower," he says. "I'm literally disgusting right now."

"You're always disgusting," Makoto snorts, but there's no malice behind it, and Kusuken can tell. He chimes with laughter, and turns around for a moment as he starts to stand up.

"*You're* one to talk, pretty boy," he giggles. "At least *I* didn't buy my own sibling lingerie."

Makoto smacks a palm to his forehead. "God, can you let that go?!"

Kusuken laughs again. "Never."

Kusuken pushes to his feet, but as soon as he does, he begins to waver. He teeters back and forth, and just when it seems he's about to topple over, Makoto suddenly finds the strength to get up -- and catches him just before he can hit the ground.

"Dude, you're a *wreck*," Makoto chuckles.

"You're the one who wrecked me," Kusuken shoots back with a wink. Makoto's stomach does a flip.

"Stop being weird," he grumbles, and he hitches one arm under Kusuken's knees and braces the other against his back, scooping up in a bridal carry.

"Ew, put me down!" Kusuken whines, and he prods Makoto on the shoulder. Makoto rolls his eyes.

"No way. This is *hilarious*. You're coming with me."

"We already did that," Kusuken sings.

Makoto blushes. "Shut up, perv."

They finally reach the bathroom, and Makoto pushes open the door to the luxurious shower with the pads of his toes. Rustic tiles scale the walls of the room, and dim yellow lights dip over Kusuken's form, highlighting the darkening spots scattered across his body. The marble floor feels cold against the heat in Makoto's heels, and he sets Kusuken down in the shower beside him, propping Kusuken up against his side. *There's no way he could stand without me*, Makoto tells himself. And Kusuken *does* look like a complete mess, so that's the only reason that he's doing this. The *only* reason.

"Oh my *god, please* don't tell me we're gonna shower together," Kusuken deadpans.

Makoto reaches a hand out towards the knobs on the wall. "Fine, I won't tell you."

He turns the handle, and icy water douses them both in an instant. Kusuken shrieks; and Makoto lets out an embarrassing sound as well. At the very least, he's a bit more energized now -- but at *what cost?!*

“Jesus Christ, turn the temperature up!” Kusuke yelps. “I’m gonna freeze!”

Makoto frantically complies. Fortunately, the water heats up fairly quick, and Makoto inhales deeply, steam filling up his lungs like morning fog burnt off by rising sunlight. A warm sensation pounds over his chest as the water tumbles over them, and Makoto would feel comforted by it -- if he knew the feeling was coming only from the shower. He tries to ignore the frightening thought that it isn’t.

Beside him, Kusuke coughs. He wobbles, just a bit, and Makoto tightens the arm that’s curled around Kusuke’s back. Makoto glances over at him, and the hot water spreads a slight red over his pale chest, but Makoto can’t quite tell if the flush that creeps up Kusuke’s cheeks is from the water -- or from him.

“Sorry,” Kusuke laughs, and it’s back to fake again. “I’m so pathetic.”

“Shut up. No you’re not,” Makoto says. Kusuke scoffs, and offers him an artificial grin.

“You know, you don’t have to say that just because you feel bad about all the stuff you said to me while we were fucking.”

Makoto sighs internally.

But I’m not .

Externally, he only grunts. Even if he did say it, there’s no way that Kusuke would believe him.

When they’re both washed up -- Kusuke protested too much when Makoto tried to attack him with soap, and finally managed to wash himself off -- Makoto steps out of the shower and tosses him a towel. They dry themselves off, and Makoto pulls two plush bathrobes out of the mahogany cabinets on the far side of the bathroom. Steam fogs up the starlight-framed mirrors, but Makoto can still somewhat make out the reflection of Kusuke creeping towards him.

“Here.” He tosses the robe to Kusuke, who fails to catch it. They both crack up, without even realizing it, and Makoto walks over to Kusuke and picks it up.

“You loser,” Makoto chuckles. He wraps the bathrobe around Kusuke’s shoulders, and Kusuke does the rest. Their eyes meet, and Kusuke quirks an eyebrow.

“You’re being too nice to me,” he drawls. “It’s weird.”

“Cut it out, man. This counts as aftercare.”

Kusuke waves him off. “Alright, alright. Whatever you need to tell yourself, pretty boy.”

“Don’t flatter yourself, rat.”

They both crawl into bed, and there’s a somewhat uncomfortable silence for several minutes. Finally, Makoto can’t take it anymore, so he shatters the quiet with his strained voice.

“I’m fucking exhausted,” he admits. “I kinda need to recover for a bit before I attempt to go back home.”

Kusuke lets out a breathless laugh. “Me too,” he says. “But like, not the going home part.”

Makoto pauses. Kusuke *did* see his family today. He clearly has the choice to go back home, but he absolutely refuses to do it. It’s like it’s not even an option at all. He looks even paler than usual,

and there's something forlorn in the way he stares absently at the wall. Makoto sighs.

"You don't have a very good relationship with your family, do you?" he says bluntly. He feels like a complete jerk as soon as he does, but it only lasts a moment, because Kusuke lets out a barking laugh.

"What gave it away?"

"Uh..." Makoto starts, but he doesn't finish. *The always staying in hotels, the refusal to buy a house in Japan, the obsession with your brother sexually abusing you half to death.* "Do you really want me to answer that?"

"No," Kusuke chuckles. "Don't bother. I already know."

Makoto shifts uncomfortably. More silence follows.

"Do you wanna, uh...talk about it?"

Kusuke seems almost surprised at this. "What the hell?"

"I-I mean, you don't have to if you don't want to," Makoto stutters. "Just thought I'd offer."

Kusuke turns away, and a melancholy grin stretches across his face. "They just...don't care about me. It's fine, though."

That's obviously not fine, Makoto says to himself. Instead of voicing this, he waits for Kusuke to continue. Kusuke completely abandons the previous subject, though, and swivels back to face Makoto.

"What do you do to cheer yourself up when you're sad?" he asks him.

Makoto smirks. "Why, are you sad?"

Kusuke jabs his shoulder. "Just answer the question, you arrogant ass."

"Fine, fine. I guess I just watch movies and shows that I starred in. Always reminds me of how awesome I am if I ever find myself doubting it."

Kusuke blinks back at him. "Okay. Let's do that."

Makoto's jaw drops. "The fuck, man? You wanna watch one of my movies?"

Kusuke cracks up. "Sure, whatever. I'm gonna make fun of you the entire time, though." He elbows Makoto gently, and the smile on his face turns a little less fake.

"Yeah, okay, fine," Makoto chuckles. "Whatever you need to do."

Kusuke raises an eyebrow at him. "Wait, what?"

"Yeah, just do it. I still know I'm epic no matter what you say. If that would make you feel better, go for it. Knock yourself out."

Kusuke doesn't respond to that. Makoto reaches over to the bedside table and fishes the remote for the enormous flatscreen TV in front of them out of its drawers, and flicks it on.

He surfs through the film offerings until he finds the section he's looking for -- there's even a

specific tab on the options list specifically for his movies, so he clicks on it with a smug grin. Kusuke rolls his eyes.

“Not a word, *Mugami Touru*,” Kusuke mocks with air quotes. Makoto sticks out his tongue.

He clicks on his favorite title, and the movie starts to play. The light from the TV screen illuminates Kusuke’s cheekbones, both visible now due to his wet hair pushed back, and Makoto quickly looks away.

For a while, Kusuke makes jabs at his character, the apparently bad screenwriting, and the too-obvious turns of plot. As the movie continues, Makoto’s body grows heavier and heavier, and Kusuke’s retorts become less frequent. A gentle relaxation spreads across him, and at his side, Kusuke seems to be experiencing the same. Before Makoto knows it, Kusuke is leaning against his shoulder, fast asleep.

Makoto *knows* he should probably push him off, but...he doesn’t. Instead, when Kusuke sinks against him and Makoto’s arm starts to go numb, he stretches it around Kusuke, and his own eyelids flutter shut. Kusuke’s soft and rhythmic breathing washes a cool calm over Makoto’s body like waves over a shoreline at low tide, and without even trying to fight it, Makoto lets the water pull him under into dreamland.

When Makoto wakes back up, it’s 4:37 AM, and both he and Kusuke are lying flat on their backs, tangled in bed together. Kusuke is clutching him tightly and his head is resting on Makoto’s chest, and one hand is slipped under Makoto’s bathrobe to cling to his side, pressing skin against skin. Makoto panics, and his heart completely stops.

“Dude, wake up,” he hisses. He shakes Kusuke gently. “Stop holding me.”

Kusuke cracks open an eyelid. He’s very much half-asleep, his eyes overcast with fog, and it’s evident he has no idea that he’s not still dreaming.

“Sorry,” he says breathlessly. “I just..don’t think I’ve ever been held like this before.”

Makoto’s voice hitches in his throat.

“I-- *oh*.”

Kusuke’s head falls back to his chest, and Makoto slips his other arm around Kusuke’s waist.

He’s only being nice.

He’s *only* being nice.

He’s *only being nice*.

Without thinking any further, he readjusts his arm around Kusuke’s shoulders, pulls him closer into his chest, and falls back asleep within seconds.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked this chapter! It was super fun to write. Kusuke, I'm sorry. You're like, my biggest comfort character, and I keep putting you through so much pain. Hey, that's what comfort characters are for though, right? Kusuke can feel all my emotions instead of me. RIP.

Confrontations, At Long Last

Chapter Notes

Wow. This is the longest chapter yet, you guys. But hang tight, because so much happens. Like, *so* much.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sound of birds chirping outside the window serves as a much gentler alarm than Makoto is used to. Their peeps have a cheerful staccato as they dance in the air just beyond the glass, then they chase after each other into dawn's horizon, and the room is left quiet again. Pleasant rays of sunlight seep in through a crack between the curtains, and at first, Makoto thinks the warmth in his chest must be coming from them -- but as consciousness creeps back into his body, he's proven very, *very* wrong.

Kusuke is draped across his torso, clutching him like a baby panda clinging to its mother. Both of their bathrobes are loose around their shoulders, and Kusuke's naked chest is pressed against his. He's nuzzled into Makoto's neck, his breaths rising and falling with a peaceful rhythm, with more tranquility than Makoto ever believed Kusuke might be capable of; and he's hugging Makoto with more determination and affection than Makoto's felt in years. If ever.

Makoto squirms. *Fuck, should I wake him up?!* Kusuke shows no signs of reaching the world of the waking anytime soon. He wouldn't have guessed Kusuke was the type to be a heavy sleeper -- though after the previous night, it would make sense for him to be beyond exhausted.

...if he's this tired, I might as well let him, right?

What's the harm? Kusuke's not *hurting* Makoto in any way. Makoto's throat feels uncomfortably dry, and he's sure butterflies must be making their yearly migration in his stomach right now, but other than that, he's perfectly fine. Although the longer the two lay there, the more his heartbeat threatens to pound out of his chest, each beat thundering like a struck drum until it's so unbelievably loud until it might as well be coming from a marching band passing by in the hallway right outside of their room.

Kusuke stirs, then slowly, he stretches, the pads of his fingertips tracing across Makoto's abdomen. Makoto cringes, and then he petrifies in an attempt to not wake Kusuke, but it's too late.

"...huh?" Kusuke mumbles drowsily as he opens his eyes. As his own consciousness comes, he seems to be feeling some of the same surprise as Makoto, and he shoves off Makoto's chest into an upright position almost urgently, then breaks into a fit of giggles as his face flushes vermillion. "Oh, wow. This is super embarrassing."

Makoto shoots up and promptly closes his bathrobe around himself. "So you're finally embarrassed, eh?"

Kusuke chuckles, and adjusts his own robe. "Yeah, I am. *Your* face is on fire, though."

Makoto fights the urge to bury his face into a pillow. Somehow, he succeeds, and settles for turning away from Kusuke and huffing with embarrassment.

“So...how long were you up?” Kusuke asks him. Makoto nearly wheezes.

“Uh...you woke me up,” he claims. He has no desire to face the reality that it was his thundering heartbeat that awakened Kusuke, but Kusuke already seems aware of it.

“Sure ya did,” he says with a smirk. “Anyways, do you remember what happened last night? I was enduring that god-awful movie of yours, but then next thing I knew, I woke up like that.”

Makoto gulps. *Does he not remember what he said to me, then?* It would certainly be something he could make fun of Kusuke for -- a devastating taunt, which would surely bring him an uncomfortable shame. He *could* say it. He *could*.

“The same thing happened for me,” Makoto says instead. “We were watching my *awesome* movie, and we must’ve just fallen asleep.”

“Hmm...I see,” Kusuke muses. There’s a bit of an awkward silence between them -- Makoto avoids Kusuke’s eyes, and Kusuke’s eyes avert from his -- since evidently neither one of them knows what to do in this type of situation. Makoto *certainly* doesn’t. He’s never really cuddled with anyone, except maybe Kokomi when they were children, and he’s definitely never shared a bed before. Kusuke, it seems, feels similarly; he’d mentioned when they first met that he was sexually experienced, but if he said he’d never been held, then...

... they were really all just hookups? No one ever...cared for him?

Kusuke goes to swing his legs off the bed in an attempt to get up, but as soon as he moves, he hisses. His body convulses, ever so slightly, and Makoto pitches forwards.

“Oi! You okay?!”

Kusuke peers back over his shoulder and rolls his eyes. “I’m *fine*. Would you quit worrying about me? I’m not as fragile as you seem to think,” he spits.

Makoto blinks. That was a *much* more bitter response than he’d expected. Kusuke is also wrong: Makoto doesn’t think he’s fragile at all. He opens his mouth to speak, ready to tell Kusuke this, when a flash of panic streaks across Kusuke’s face -- and then he starts laughing. But Makoto’s gotten to know the difference between Kusuke’s fake laughs and his real ones, subtle but important, and this one is about as artificial as it gets.

“J-Just kidding! I’m super weak!”

Makoto scoffs. He’s not holding his tongue. Not this time.

“Shut the fuck up, man. No you’re not. Are you feeling okay?” His eyes sweep over Kusuke’s form, dappled with marks in various shades of purple and green, and the bags under his eyes are heavy and pronounced. “You look like hell.”

“Jeez, thanks,” Kusuke chuckles. “You really did a number on me last night, though.” He winks, and Makoto’s stomach does a flip.

“You asked me to!” he defends.

Kusuke laughs again. “I know, and it was totally great! I might take another shower, though, since

I don't think I was very thorough last night. And your flimsy assistance wasn't much help."

"Hey! I did my best!" Makoto pouts. He really had! Kusuke shakes his head, and pulls the sheets back from where the fabric covered the two of them. When he does, his eyes drop briefly to Makoto's lap, and then he starts to giggle.

"Oh my god, seriously? Again?"

Huh? Makoto looks down, and his eyes widen with humiliation. Because of how nervous he'd been waking up in Kusuke's arms, he hadn't even *noticed*.

"Sh-shut up! Don't you ever get morning wood?!" Kusuke's looking at him like he's absolutely mad, and Makoto's panic worsens. "D-does that not happen for gay guys or something?!"

"*Please* don't tell me you're actually that dumb," Kusuke snickers, but at the very least, Makoto can tell that this laugh is a real one. He leans forwards onto his hands, and begins crawling back towards Makoto. "You know, now I can see why your sister is so frustrated with you all the time. You really are exhausting."

Kusuke creeps forwards until their faces are only centimeters apart, and Makoto presses his back further into the headboard. "Uh... *hi*," Makoto chokes out. '*Hi?*' *What the fuck, Makoto?!*' he internally scolds.

"*Hi*," Kusuke purrs. "Want me to help you with that again?"

"Last time you did, I ended up an injured man!" Makoto says, thrusting his hand in front of Kusuke's face melodramatically. "A-and it was super awkward with you looking at me like that while you were---well, y'know!"

Kusuke stifles a laugh. "Fine, then you don't have to look at me." He dips his head down between Makoto's legs, reaching his hand between his thighs to draw back the bathrobe, and Makoto jerks away.

"W-what the hell are you doing?!"

Kusuke looks up and raises an eyebrow at him. "Writing a thesis. What does it look like I'm doing, genius?"

"Are you trying to go down on me?!"

"That was the plan," Kusuke answers with a giggle. "Do you not want me to?"

Makoto gulps, and he can feel his body temperature rapidly rising. "G-Go ahead," he stutters. Kusuke winks again, and unties the fabric at Makoto's waist.

"Hold my hair back for me," Kusuke instructs.

Makoto squeezes his eyes shut. "Do it yourself."

Kusuke rolls his eyes, and tucks his bangs behind his ear. "Fine, pretty boy."

"Damn you, rat, just start already!" Makoto says through gritted teeth.

Kusuke tsks and shakes his head. "So impatient," he hums. "Don't worry. I'll take care of you." He snakes his hand teasingly up Makoto's thigh, and when his fingers wrap around what he wants and he licks his lips, eyes glazing over with lust, Makoto nearly faints. The tip of his tongue traces its

head with the lightness of falling snow, and it's just about as cold as it, too, so Makoto desperately grips the sheets beside him to stop himself from shivering. It doesn't work.

Kusuke slides his lips down further, his free hand trailing up Makoto's hips to rest on his abdomen. He traces his fingernails in gentle circles over Makoto's muscles, and Makoto can't help but let out a particularly pitiful groan. Kusuke chuckles, and the vibrations from his throat ripple throughout Makoto, and he curls his toes.

Kusuke swallows him entirely, and Makoto quivers. Kusuke's head rises and falls in a steady rhythm, and through the thick fog settling in his brain, Makoto notices that it's *very* different from the previous night -- it's leisurely, slow, but it's no less satisfying. Kusuke swirls his velvety tongue around him, and Makoto gasps, appealing to mercy with poor results; because *god*, it's *addictive*, and all of a sudden Makoto understands why junkies say they can't go on living until they get their next fix. If Makoto's not *careful*, he just might end up the exact same way. Kusuke lets out a tantalizing moan as he sinks down again, and Makoto's breathing shallows.

Why *bother* trying to be careful? He's *hopeless* at this point.

Kusuke's bathrobe slips down to reveal his softly chiseled shoulders, his pale skin mottled with the marks Makoto left on him as if they're a physical reminder displaying by whom he is owned. In the moment, Makoto almost finds himself admitting that's something that he wants, and he has the odd instinct to reach out and trace his fingers over them -- so in an effort to fight against himself, he sits on his hands instead. However, it doesn't last very long; Kusuke's hands drag over his hilt, and when he applies a sudden increase in pressure, Makoto keels forwards and rakes his fingers into Kusuke's hair.

"*Fuck*," he exhales. "Don't do that so suddenly!"

Kusuke squirms, and when he responds, Makoto's sure he must be *trying* to say some variation of '*You're finally holding my hair back for me!*' -- but there's something very clearly blocking his words. Makoto blushes.

"Don't talk with your mouth full." And he uses his momentum to shove Kusuke all the way down.

Kusuke's hands wander as he moves, and he tugs at the fabric still barely clinging onto Makoto, and it finally falls entirely off. Up until recently, he'd been hesitant for Kusuke to see him naked, and it's only now that he realizes why: he's always thought of it as something deeply intimate, like baring your entire self to someone with nowhere left to hide. He also realizes a moment later that he'd done so without a second thought in the shower with him last night, and he grips Kusuke's hair tighter and thrusts him down again, if for no other reason than to stop his thoughts from figuring out why.

Kusuke's tousled locks fall into his eyes, and without even thinking about it, Makoto brushes his strands away. Kusuke looks up at him, only for a second, and Makoto recalls his claim that looking at each other like this had been awkward, and that he'd said he didn't want to do it; Kusuke seems to remember, too, because he drops his eyes back down and stuffs Makoto further into his mouth, almost as if to apologize for disobeying.

It's okay, he says to himself. *You can look at me.*

Kusuke's eyes flutter shut, and he takes Makoto out of his mouth for a brief moment, to tease a long lick from Makoto's base all the way to his tip, then he plunges back down again.

I think...I want you to look at me.

But Kusuke doesn't.

His hands massage Makoto's base, and his rhythm picks up. His breathing quickens, and Makoto finds himself unconsciously moving his hips to match Kusuke's pace. Makoto closes his eyes, but through a crack in his eyelid, he catches sight of the bandages still on the back of his hand obscured by Kusuke's messy hair -- and he gets the distinct impression that even if he *is* about to be Kusuke's victim again, it would totally be worth it. A rush of hot liquid sears the ache from Makoto down into Kusuke's throat, and Makoto clamps his teeth so hard on his tongue that the sanguine taste of blood spills into his mouth, just to stop himself from saying Kusuke's *name*.

He hears Kusuke swallow thickly, then he rises up and offers Makoto a suggestive grin. There's a thin trail of white trickling from the corner of his mouth -- still too dazed to speak yet, Makoto can only point at it.

Kusuke seems to take the hint. "Oh, I missed some?" He wipes it off with his fingers, then carefully inspects the sticky liquid dripping off his fingertips -- and then he licks his fingers clean, as if he's savoring every taste of Makoto he can possibly get onto his tongue. Something hot spikes in Makoto's belly, and he fails to suppress a wheeze. Kusuke cracks up. "This is why you're so fun! Your reactions to everything are always the best!"

Makoto catches his breath. "So I'm fun, huh?"

Kusuke smirks. "Yeah, fun to mess with."

In another situation, Makoto might've bitten an insult back at him and resumed their typical banter, but Makoto's mind feels like it's been drowned underwater, so all he can manage to say is, "You're really, *really* good at that."

Kusuke giggles, and if Makoto didn't know better, he might almost think Kusuke was blushing. "Aw, thank you! It's because I'm good at everything!" he chirps.

"Yeah." Makoto looks him dead in the eyes. "Yeah, you are."

Kusuke blinks back at him. "O-oh," he stumbles, clearly taken aback by Makoto's response. It's rare that anything catches him off guard, but Makoto seems to have done so. "Thanks, I guess." He adjusts his robe as he gets out of bed, but not quickly enough to fully cover what he was presumably trying to hide.

Makoto's face burns as he remembers the guilt he'd felt in Kusuke's lab about receiving pleasure without giving it back, and completely against his will, the feeling returns. Makoto must've been staring, and Kusuke visibly flushes this time, tugging on the fabric to cover it.

"You like doing it that much?" Makoto asks him.

"Well, yeah. I'm gay as fuck, so obviously I enjoy it." He pauses for a moment. "Only physically, of course."

"Of course," Makoto repeats, and his heartbeat quickens; before he can stop himself, he points towards Kusuke's lower half and says, "D-do you n-need help with---"

Kusuke waves him off. "Don't worry, I would never make *you* do something like that. I'll just go take care of it in the shower."

"W-want me to come with you?" Makoto stammers.

“Ha! Good joke!” He reaches the bathroom. “You don’t have to wait for me or anything, so feel free to leave. I’ll see you later, I guess?”

“Uh...yeah. Later.”

Kusuke flits into the bathroom and disappears, but instead of leaving, Makoto slams back against the headboard and glares up at the ceiling.

I can’t believe I let him do something like that again.

Does Makoto simply have no impulse control? Or does he think only with his lower half, instead of his brain? *That* can’t be right. Makoto’s plenty smart! He knows lots of things about...being pretty! And...looking good! And also, beauty!

He heaves an exasperated sigh, and finds himself completely spacing out. His mind wanders -- to the shower, specifically -- and he starts to imagine what it might be like to get Kusuke off like that. Makoto’s only touched him there once before, and doing so made his whole body feel like jelly. Now, that feeling seems to be returning, along with a new mental image of what Kusuke is likely doing in the shower at this very moment. He knows what Kusuke probably looks like: he can almost hear his ragged patterns of breathing, see the closing of his eyes when he’s *really* turned on, and the sound of his lusty moans when he’s trying to suppress them rings in his ears. He wonders what it might be like to watch Kusuke come onto the floor, and smile with that sheepish and sexy post-glow grin of his, and --

Makoto shoots up.

What the hell am I thinking?!

He marches over to the fridge, wrenches open the freezer section, and dumps an entire bucket of ice onto himself in a feeble effort to cool down. A few moments later, Kusuke steps out of the shower, only a towel around his waist; and he looks at Makoto as if he’s looking at someone in an insane asylum. And he must look like one: sitting completely naked on the carpet in front of the mini bar, holding an empty bucket over his head, completely covered in what he now realizes are very large, unhelpful ice cubes.

“Uh...you didn’t leave,” he starts. “Also, what the literal *fuck* are you doing?”

Makoto swallows hard. “Well, uh, you see, I mean, I um--” Makoto draws a complete blank, his vision flashing with white. He’s never been good at improv. “I got hot, but you were already in the shower.”

Kusuke snorts, then he giggles, and then he erupts into an unfettered fit of laughter. It’s the second time he’s heard Kusuke laugh so honestly, and the sound makes Makoto feel like he’s walking amongst the puffs of clouds dappled in the morning sky above them.

“Oh my god, this might be the funniest thing I’ve ever seen in my entire life.” He withdraws into the bathroom, and emerges a few seconds later, throwing a towel at Makoto’s face. Makoto drops the bucket to catch it, but it falls directly onto his head.

“Ow, fuck!” Makoto cries. Kusuke’s laughter is somewhat muffled by the bucket, but it echoes in his ears all the same. He hears the sound of Kusuke’s footsteps growing closer, and finally, Kusuke tilts up the bucket’s rim, peeking down at Makoto from above it.

“Need some help?” he chuckles. He flicks off the bucket and drops the towel into Makoto’s lap, then outstretches a hand to help him up. Makoto swats it away.

“Stop making fun of me!” he demands. Kusuke laughs again.

“I’m sorry! You just make it way too easy.”

Makoto sighs, and he flops back into the carpet. “I kinda do, don’t I?”

Kusuke puts his hands on his hips, and leans down over Makoto. “You really, really do. Now get the hell up, you look super pathetic. C’mon, let’s go get breakfast.”

Makoto’s eyes widen. “Wait, what?”

“You heard me, Mr. Bucket-Hat. I’ve heard the buffet at this place is legendary, and I wanna go check it out. Are you gonna come or what?”

Makoto lets out a breathless laugh. “I already did,” he retorts. “Also, did you--uh, did you manage to also finish--”

“*That’s* what you're worried about in this situation?”

“I’m not worried! I don’t care at all! God, shut up!”

Kusuke pads over to the floor beside the bed, gathers up Makoto’s clothes, and drops them onto his face. “Get dressed, and get all that ice off of you, Jack Frost. I’m starving.” He drops the towel from around his waist. “Your come isn’t really much of a breakfast.”

“S-stop being such an insufferable perv!” Makoto whines as he wipes himself off. Kusuke walks away, and Makoto’s eyes drop.

He has a really nice ass.

Makoto grinds his teeth, picks up a few more ice cubes and flings them at himself, then he trudges to his feet and throws on his clothes and disguise.

Once they’re finally downstairs in the hotel’s restaurant, Makoto can understand why it got such rave reviews. Just the room itself is lavish and grand: elegant Victorian features in ivory and gold furnish the room with royal majesty, and the chandelier in the center must be adorned with a million immaculate crystals. The tables are draped with rich wine tablecloths of the finest silk, and even the dishes are carefully carved with intricate patterns in platinum leafing. Kusuke sighs beside him.

“Hmm...the hotels in Dubai are much nicer,” he says as he shakes his head. “Let’s go get something to eat.”

Makoto gets a few strange glances for wearing sunglasses and a hat indoors, but being with Kusuke seems to make it a *little* better. He hadn’t been wearing it when Makoto first arrived, but Kusuke’s inky black leather jacket is emblazoned with designer logos, and new-age industrial buckles line its sides. Even his boots seem to match, yet they come with striking red laces, and his height is slightly bolstered by their low heels. He walks with cool casualty up to the dining table, turning heads wherever he passes by.

“At least the food looks good!” he chirps. The two of them pile their plates, and Makoto’s nose and lungs fill with the rich scent of eggs and bacon. His mouth waters.

Over breakfast, the two engage in idle chatter, and Makoto tries in vain to follow when Kusuke goes off on a rant about the server dynamics at the hotel.

--you see, when you think about it, it's really a quite simple stochastic process. It can be modeled as a continuous-time independent Markov chain, a textbook birth-death style problem, really, which one can obviously model with the Poisson equation using lambda variables--"

"Dude..." he almost cuts him off with something rude, barking that he doesn't know what the hell Kusuke is talking about, but instead he says, "...what's a stochastic process?"

Kusuke blinks. "You...really want to know?"

Makoto shrugs, and then he nods. "I can't promise that I'll get it, since I didn't go to college after I got scouted for acting, but...I'll try," he answers. Kusuke's mouth stretches into a grin -- a real, genuine grin. Makoto's chest clenches.

"I like it when you smile like that," Makoto blurts before he can stop himself. Kusuke quirks an eyebrow.

"What the hell? That's so gay, man. And I'm wearing *heels*."

Makoto scoffs. "I-I didn't mean it like that," he backtracks. "But your fake smiles are super ugly, so this is a slightly less unappealing change."

Kusuke snorts, and takes a bit of his pancakes. "Whatever, weirdo." But he doesn't taunt further, and instead launches into a very heated explanation of whatever the hell a stochastic process is. Makoto loses track of what he's saying about three words in, but he still listens intently regardless.

They wrap up their meal, and Kusuke rises, smoothing his jacket. "I have to go shopping today. I need a new suit for a medical convention I'm running." He looks down at Makoto. "Come with me."

Makoto frowns. "Oi, what the hell? Why me? Don't you have evil minions for that sort of thing?"

"Of course I do!" he giggles. "You!"

"W-what?! I'm not your minion!"

Kusuke peels off his jacket and tosses it at Makoto, who catches it with careful grace and holds it back up to him.

"See? Minion."

Makoto groans as he shoves to his feet. "Dude, what the hell do you think we *are*?"

Kusuke shrugs as he puts his jacket back on. "Two people with mutual loathing only using each other to alleviate the sexual strain from their massive sibling complexes," he answers quickly. Makoto sighs; he'd thought the exact same thing, but it was quite a while ago, very shortly after their first time together. *Has nothing...changed?*

"So you still hate me?" Makoto asks him, and his stomach inexplicably tightens.

"Huh? Oh, uh, sure," Kusuke replies. Makoto smirks.

"That wasn't very convincing."

"Don't flatter yourself," Kusuke huffs. "I hate everyone, so you're not special at all."

Makoto laughs. There's none of Kusuke's usual bitterness towards humanity behind it, and he can

clearly tell. “Oh, yeah? So you send everyone adorable mechanical cats to cheer them up and take care of them? Don’t think I missed that the stupid thing is programmed to purr on my chest to help me sleep more comfortably.”

For once, Makoto actually catches Kusuke, who flushes and turns away. “Yes. I do indeed do that for everyone.”

Makoto chuckles. “That’s a *lot* of cats.”

“It *is*,” Kusuke insists. “Now drop it, or I’ll post the footage I took with my hidden camera of you dropping a bucket on your head completely naked onto one of your fansites.”

Makoto’s jaw drops. “Y-your hidden *what?!?*”

Kusuke jabs him in the shoulder. “Just kidding!”

Makoto rolls his eyes. He was just about ready to have a heart attack. It’s certainly something in the realm of Kusuke’s capabilities, so much so that Makoto didn’t question it for even a moment. “Y’know what? I still hate you, too.”

“Good!” Kusuke says. “I’m glad we’ve re-established that.”

“Yeah,” Makoto deadpans. “Me, too.”

They make their way out of the hotel and into the garage, where another one of Kusuke’s cars is waiting for them -- this time, a crimson Lamborghini with onyx accents that genuinely looks like something a villain would drive -- and they drive to the most upscale fashion district in Tokyo. He follows Kusuke into a store with tall glass windows and modern features, and feels jittery and intimidated when the security guard dressed in a dark suit glares daggers at him as he walks in. Makoto’s not exactly dressed for the occasion; if he weren’t with Kusuke, he’d likely be thrown out onto his ass outside. But fortunately, he is, so he gives the guard a condescending smirk instead. *Man, if only he knew who I really was.*

Makoto surveys the sprawling racks of clothes, some strewn with embroidery, others adorned with various patches and fasteners and buckles. There’s also a section for suits, which are far more unique than the plain ones Makoto is used to -- they almost look like costumes, but well-tailored and of the utmost quality. Makoto gulps, and he wanders over to the rack and peeks at a random price tag.

What the hell?! A million yen for a fucking jacket?!?

“Welcome back, Saiki-sama!” greets the shop girl. “Always a pleasure to see you!”

“And you as well,” Kusuke hums, and Makoto scowls. The audacity of that woman, speaking to him with such familiarity! The two of them chat for a few minutes -- but to Makoto, it seems like hours -- until she finally flits into the back, and displays a particularly exceptional black and gold suit.

Kusuke’s eyes brighten, and he tugs on Makoto’s sleeve -- which makes Makoto’s heart skip a beat, for whatever reason. “Makoto, look! Isn’t it epic?!” It’s rare that he sees Kusuke excited about something, and it’s...not a bad look on him.

Fuck, he’s so cute...

Makoto frantically shakes it off as Kusuke zips into the dressing room to try it on. Makoto and the

shop girl make uncomfortable eye contact through his glasses, so Makoto pushes them further up the bridge of his nose to shroud his handsome eyes.

“May I take your hat and glasses, sir?” she offers awkwardly. Makoto’s face falls.

“No.” Her eyes widen in judgement, and she looks away.

Kusuke emerges a few moments later, thrusting back the curtains with excessive flair, and strikes a pose.

“Well? How do I look?”

Makoto gulps. The gleaming golden buttons make the green tones in his eyes stand out, and the dark fabric accentuates his flawless pale skin. His hair tumbles into his eyes, and when he tilts his head, he shifts his weight to the other leg, swinging his hips as he leans back on boots with slightly taller heels than he’d been wearing before. He honestly looks like he could be a model, and it wouldn’t surprise Makoto if he started strutting through the store like he was on a catwalk, cameras flashing as bright white lights illuminated his every curve.

“Huh? What? Uh, I dunno. I’m not gay,” Makoto mumbles under his breath.

Kusuke folds his arms. “Are heterosexuality and fashion sense not compatible?” He scans Makoto up and down. “Oh, never mind. I guess not.”

“Hey!”

The shop girl approaches Kusuke cautiously, seemingly unaware of their brief exchange, rosy dust creeping up her cheeks. “Y-you look very nice, Saiki-sama,” she mumbles, and she lowers her voice even further. “A-actually, for a while, I--well, if you maybe wanted to get some coffee with me sometime, I--”

Makoto spikes with fury. *Bitch, back the fuck off!* But before he can do something he’d likely regret, Kusuke interrupts her.

“I’m so flattered, but I’m not interested in women. I’m sorry!”

“O-oh!” she stutters, and Makoto breathes a sigh of relief.

Serves you right, lady! He can only be attracted to me!

Makoto freezes. *Wait, why do I want him to be attracted to me?!* He drops his head into his hands, and tries in vain to stop the thoughts that slam into his mind like a crashing plane. But the air traffic controllers in his brain seem to have either quit or straight-up died, so no such reprieve is granted. Instead, there are only explosions.

No, no, no, no, no. This can’t be happening. He straightens up, almost urgently, ready to craft some flimsy excuse to rush home as fast as possible. He’ll *sprint* all the way if he has to. At this point, *anything* would be better than the confounding emotions he’s feeling from Kusuke’s presence, and just as he opens his mouth to speak--

“Yep, that’s right! This is my boyfriend!” Kusuke declares, and he slings an arm around Makoto. As soon as they touch, an electrical storm overtakes Makoto, short-circuiting whatever’s left of his brain, each synapse frying one after another.

“I-I see!” the shop girl stammers. “Uh...you two make a lovely couple.” But if looks could kill,

Makoto would drop dead where he stands.

“Thank you!” Kusuke chimes. “I’ll take this, by the way!”

She nods, and Kusuke skips back into the dressing room to change into his former clothes. He checks out at the counter -- Makoto scoots away, because he truly doesn’t want to know how much money Kusuke is blowing on one outfit -- then Kusuke walks back up to him and tugs on his sleeve again.

“C’mon, let’s go! I have more errands to run,” he says as they reach the sidewalk. No longer able to take the increasingly ridiculous nature of the situation, he jerks away from Kusuke.

“Oi, what the fuck was that about?!” he snaps.

Kusuke stares at him blankly. “Oh, that silly thing I said? I just wanted her to believe me so she’d back off. Honestly, I hate getting hit on like that. Do these monkeys seriously think they’re good enough to even touch me?” Kusuke says with a condescending grin.

...but I’m good enough to touch you?

“Dude, I gotta go. N-no more dumb errands. I have...things to do. Work. I have an important dinner tonight, and I gotta get ready. So, bye.” He makes a beeline for the opposite side of the street, which isn’t even the direction he needs to be going, and behind him, Kusuke freezes.

“Uh...see you later, Makoto,” he says in a small voice, so soft Makoto might’ve missed it if he breathed even a second sooner. Makoto glances back over his shoulder.

“Yeah. See you later.”

Makoto spends the entire rest of the day focusing on anything *but* Kusuke -- he schedules extra photoshoots with his agent, reads over his lines for his detective show about a thousand times, and tries on fifteen outfits before deciding on the one for dinner. It’s not even that it really matters, but he *has* to occupy himself somehow. He *has* to.

The dinner itself is fairly boring, but Makoto makes it through the evening nonetheless. When he gets home, he mixes melatonin with sleeping pills and liquid Nyquil, and passes out so quickly he nearly collapses on the bathroom floor as soon as he shotguns the questionable mixture. His vision swirls like a hurricane and then it blurs, so he stumbles onto his bed and allows the consciousness to escape from his body without even an ounce of fighting spirit.

The next day is an actual recording of his show, and he throws himself entirely into his role, because being *anyone* but Makoto Teruhashi right now is everything he needs. He’s lauded with praise from all his assistants, with the director claiming it may be his best performance yet; and Makoto finally understands where the stereotype of the most emotionally unstable artists being the best comes from.

He trudges home around 6:00 PM. Maybe seeing Kokomi will make him feel better -- but there’s this awful and unfamiliar feeling in his chest that somehow, he doesn’t think it will. When he opens the door to his room, though, Kokomi is already there, sifting through one of his drawers intently as quiet sniffles rise from her body. Makoto’s stomach does a flip, and he almost gets sick right on his floor; because *that’s* the drawer where he stashed all his pictures of her.

Hundreds of pictures.

“K-Kokomi! What--what are you doing?!”

She whirls around, and her face is drenched with tears. “Makoto, what the *fuck?!?*” she shouts, and Makoto’s jaw drops. He’s never heard her curse, not even *once*, in his entire life. She angrily throws the pictures in his face. “I was looking for a fucking pen! Why do you have all of these?! You’re absolutely disgusting!”

Makoto’s stomach churns. He’d almost forgotten about them; for some reason, it’s been almost two weeks since he’s even looked in that drawer. “Kokomi, I--I can explain, I haven’t even touched them in--”

“I don’t *want* an explanation!” she chokes out through a sob. “I hate you! I wish you weren’t my brother! Get out!”

“Wait, you *what?!?* Kokomi, I--”

“*Get out!*” she shrieks, and more hot tears spill down her cheeks. “I can’t even look at you! I don’t care where you go! Just get out! *Get out!*”

Makoto sputters. He hadn’t even realized he’d started crying until the salty tang of tears splashes onto his tongue, leaving nothing but an acrid bitterness behind.

“Okay,” he exhales. “Kokomi, I’m...I’m *so* sorry.”

“I don’t *care*,” she utters. “*Go.*”

Makoto backs out of the room, nearly tripping on his own feet, then he sprints down the stairs and flees out the door. At least he still has most of his things -- he never put down his work bag, after all -- and once he slams the door behind him, he leans up against it and presses a palm to his forehead.

Fuck.

This is the *worst* possible situation.

I might seriously lose her this time, won’t I?

He chokes back another sob.

I’m disgusting.

He sinks down onto his knees and cries on his doorstep for a while, but he knows he can’t stay. His parents will be home soon, and if he has to try and explain this to them, he might truly end up dying. He prays Kokomi will spare him, but it’s somewhat of a pointless hope. Whatever’s coming to him, he deserves it.

Makoto drags to his feet, stumbling absently down the street as he walks away from his house. *Where the hell am I gonna go?* He could go back to work, and just pass out in his dressing room. He’s done it before when Kokomi’s thrown him out, but this time is much, *much* worse than ever before. He might also be able to get a hotel room -- it might not be something particularly nice since it’s so last minute, but...

...hang on, a hotel room.

Makoto fishes out his phone from his pocket and wearily punches in his passcode, and opens up his

texts. Just as he's about to start typing, an aching numbness grips his heavy frame, and instead, he selects, '*Call.*'

"Uh...hello?" Kusuke answers.

"Where are you staying?" Makoto mumbles.

"You sound awful," Kusuke replies.

Makoto grunts. "I don't know a hotel with that name."

From the other end of the line, Kusuke chuckles. "The Ritz-Carlton in Tokyo. Why?"

"Can I come over?" he asks breathlessly.

There's a short pause, then Kusuke speaks again. "Kokomi threw you out?"

"Yeah. Yeah, she did."

"Sorry about that," Kusuke says. "Sure, whatever. Come if you want to. I'm in the penthouse suite."

Makoto rolls his eyes. "Of course you are." And then, he hangs up.

He calls a cab to pick him up, and stays silent the entire way to the hotel. When he's dropped off, he tips the driver and slinks out of the car, then shoves through the majestic revolving doors to the hotel. He stomps over to the elevator, jams the button for the topmost floor, and rides up in angsty silence.

He reaches the door to the penthouse, and knocks on it so hard he's almost surprised his fist doesn't break through the doorway. It's happened before, after all. A few moments later, Kusuke opens it.

"Hi," he says. "You okay?"

"No," Makoto croaks. "Not at *all*." He drags his hands down his face, and tries to pull himself together. "Whatever. I just wanna distract myself. I can't think about this right now."

Kusuke offers him something almost approaching a comforting smile. "Fair enough. Lemme get you something to drink. Tea sound okay?"

Makoto sighs. "That would be *great* right now."

Kusuke nods, and retrieves some hot water from the impressive kitchen in silence. Makoto plops down onto the floor at the foot of the bed, and tries to focus on a slow and rhythmic pattern of his breathing. The pangs in his chest slightly lessen, and when Kusuke offers him the steaming mug smelling of aromatic tea leaves and fresh honey, the ache lessens even more.

"Thanks," he mumbles. He drinks his tea slowly, allowing the trails of steam to fill his lungs and muscles, easing away his tension like a summer breeze. When he finishes, he sets his mug on the floor beside him, and stretches out his legs. "Okay. I'm feeling a tiny bit better now. I still need to occupy myself somehow, though, because I seriously can't process this shit yet. Let's just hang out."

"Hang out?" Kusuke repeats, almost like he doesn't know the meaning of the word. "Hm, alright. We can fuck if you want."

“W-what?” Makoto stutters. “No, it’s okay. We don’t have to do that.”

Kusuke ponders for a moment responding. “I see. Do you want another blowjob, then?”

Makoto leans back against the foot of the bed. “What the hell? No, it’s fine. Why, you horny or something?”

“I mean, not particularly, but--”

“Dude, it’s okay. Let’s just chill.”

There’s a somewhat awkward silence, an unfamiliar tension, filling the air. Makoto stirs, and from behind him on the bed, Kusuke does the same. Whatever calm Makoto had achieved slips away, and once again, his heart rate quickens to an uncomfortable level. Just as he’s about to speak again -- *anything* would be better than this eerie quiet -- Kusuke speaks first.

“You don’t...want anything from me?”

Makoto lets out an exasperated sigh. “No, I guess? All I really wanted was to just hang out or something. You don’t have to *do* anything for me in order to do that.”

“You...want to spend time with me? Willingly?”

Makoto snorts. “Well I’m here, aren’t I? I could’ve just gotten a hotel on my own. Despite your constant taunts that you’re richer than me, I’m still filthy fucking rich.”

More silence. Makoto shifts uncomfortably.

“...oh,” Kusuke finally says. Makoto sighs again.

“Why, do you want me to go?”

Kusuke chuckles. “Well I let you in, didn’t I?”

Makoto smirks. “I guess you did.”

Kusuke chuckles behind him. They’re still not looking at each other, with them both staring at the same wall on the far side of the room, Makoto on the floor and Kusuke on the bed. But it doesn’t particularly bother him -- he’d been wrong that afternoon. There’s something soothing about Kusuke’s presence: he doesn’t need any pretenses around him. No Mugami Touru, no keeping his temper in check, no watering himself down for the people around him. He can just be... *Makoto*.

“Hey, I have an idea,” Kusuke starts. “You said watching your movies cheers you up, right? We should watch one right now to remind you of how epic you are. Nothing can take that away from you, right?”

Makoto huffs. It’s actually not a bad idea. “Yeah, can we do that, actually?”

“Of course!” Kusuke answers, almost too quickly. Makoto hears him fumble around in the drawers on the bedside table, and a few moments later, the TV flicks on. He starts to scroll through the selections -- this one, too, has a special tab just for Makoto’s work, and the sheer vanity of it brings Makoto a little more comfort, too.

“Oh, pick that one,” Makoto says as he points to one of the titles, a murder mystery in which he’d played the culprit. “I look super sexy throughout the whole film.”

Makoto hears the sound of the sheets wrinkling as Kusuke repositions himself. “Can we watch a different movie? I already saw this one.”

“Huh? Okay, sure,” Makoto says at first, but about five seconds later, the realization hits him. “Hang on, wait a minute. This isn’t the movie we watched together the other night. Are you...watching my movies by yourself?”

“Oh, shit.”

Makoto climbs to his knees and drapes over the edge of the bed, shooting Kusuke a baffled look. “Why the hell are you watching my movies?!”

Kusuke’s cheeks heat up. “What? Well, I--I fell asleep the other night, so I needed to remind myself what a terrible actor you are. Also, I get off making fun of people.”

“You *got off* watching my *movie*?!”

Makoto *swears* he’s never seen Kusuke’s face so red. “Only because you suck so much!”

“*You* suck!”

“No, *you* do!

There’s a short silence as they retain awkward eye contact, then Makoto coughs; because he’s *desperately* trying to repress a laugh. Kusuke clears his throat, too, and it seems he’s trying to do the same thing. Finally, a giggle seeps through the cracks -- a chuckle from Kusuke follows, then their laughs gradually crescendo to an unrestrained fit of cackles.

“Just play the goddamn movie,” Makoto insists when their laughter finally dies down. “And no jerking off this time, freak.”

Kusuke rolls his eyes, but he’s smiling. He presses ‘*play*,’ and Makoto sinks back down to the floor at the edge of the bed.

Makoto intently watches his masterful performance, so carefully fooling the other characters with his innocence and bravado, and a distinct smugness settles into his mind. He continues watching from the carpet, but about half an hour into the movie, Kusuke’s voice pipes up from behind him.

“Isn’t that uncomfortable?” Kusuke asks him.

Makoto glances down at the floor. “I mean, obviously.”

Kusuke takes a deep breath. “Just come sit next to me,” he suggests. “It doesn’t have to be weird if you don’t make it weird.”

Makoto snorts. “Impossible. Everything you do is already weird.” They both chuckle at that, but a moment later, Makoto pushes to his feet. “Fine. But I’m not sitting close to you. I don’t want you falling asleep on me again.”

Makoto sighs internally. What a fun lie to tell himself.

“Please, as if I’d want to do something so embarrassing again.”

“Yeah, yeah, shut up.”

Makoto scoots into bed beside Kusuke, but retains their distance at about a meter and a half apart.

Any closer might seem... *too* close.

They finish the rest of the movie in silence, with Makoto feeling a self-satisfied pride at the movie's climax where he's caught in the act of another murder, and delivers an emotional and compelling monologue to the crowd. When the credits start to roll, Makoto peels back the sheets, and swings his legs off the edge of the bed.

"I'll go sleep on the couch or something," he tells Kusuke. "It's your room, so you should take the bed."

Makoto trudges to his feet, ready to make his way to the couch, but he only makes it a few steps before Kusuke's voice stops him.

"Wait," he says from the bed. Makoto turns around.

"What?"

Kusuke gulps, and a slight rouge highlights his cheekbones. "Uh...are you as starved for affection as you are for sex?"

Makoto shrugs. "Well, duh. What of it?"

"Hold me again."

Makoto freezes in his tracks.

What?

"Dude...what?"

Kusuke laughs it off, but it's entirely artificial. "Just kidding! As if I'd ever want to--"

"Cut it out. You're not kidding."

Kusuke stops laughing. Makoto smirks at him.

"Uh, yes I--"

"Stop talking. Move over."

Makoto makes his way back to the bed, climbing into it past where he'd been sitting so far away from Kusuke, grabs him by the sleeve, and yanks him into his arms.

"W-what are you doing?!" Kusuke says breathlessly.

"Can you just be quiet for once? Like, for *once*?" Makoto chuckles. He presses the switch on the universal remote to turn the lights off. "I'm gonna hold you so tight you forget what it ever felt like to be alone."

Kusuke laughs nervously. "Y-You sentimental bastard." But his heart is hammering so loud that the sound reverberates like echoes in a cavern, and it becomes even louder when Makoto pulls him into his chest.

They settle into bed together -- Makoto fluffs a pillow and places it behind his head, then he drapes a luxuriously soft blanket over his and Kusuke's shoulders. Kusuke nestles into his neck, and he wraps both arms around Kusuke's waist.

“You comfortable?” Makoto asks. Kusuke doesn’t respond, but Makoto feels him nod. “Good.”

The room is silent for a long while, only punctured by the rhythmic sound of their rising and falling breaths. Makoto’s eyes don’t even close -- his mind is swirling with a thousand different emotions, his thoughts a whirlpool, and Makoto’s helpless against their drowning force. He squeezes his eyes shut, but it’s pointless. It doesn’t stop him from saying what he desperately was trying to avoid saying.

“Hey...can I kiss you?”

Kusuke stirs. “Huh? Why bother asking?” he replies lazily. “If you want to kiss me, just push me down and force me to take it.”

“Man, what the fuck? That’s so messed up! I would never. That’s so impolite.”

Kusuke looks up at him. “You’re polite?”

“Of course I’m fucking polite!”

Kusuke giggles, but none of his previous malice unveils itself in his voice. In fact...it’s been a while since Makoto’s heard it directed at him at all.

“You really like kissing, don’t you?”

“Yeah. I--I mean, it’s fun.”

Kusuke tugs at his shirt. “Alright, fine. I’ll indulge you.”

Makoto’s chest aches. After another beat, he flips over, settling himself atop Kusuke, who smiles sleepily up at him. “Oi, quit talking like you’re doing me a favor.”

Kusuke wraps his arms around Makoto’s shoulders. “But *I am*.”

“Shut up.”

“Make me.”

Makoto doesn’t need another word. He lowers down, without a moment of hesitation, and then his mouth is on Kusuke’s, halting his breathing. Kusuke draws him in like a black hole, dark and inescapable, until all gravity is lost against his lips. It doesn’t matter. He would never want to leave, anyway. He slides his fingers into Kusuke’s silky hair, surprisingly soft, and Makoto’s learning that more and more about him feels this way. Their kisses are tender and slow, gentle and unwavering, and Kusuke heaves a contented sigh as if years of lonely tension are slipping away. Makoto *wants* them to slip away, and he wants to be the one to do it for him.

Makoto presses the two of them closer, and Kusuke’s chest is cold against his. He’s not sure why, but Kusuke *always* feels cold -- and Makoto wants to warm him up, more than anything, even if it means draining all the heat from his own body to do so.

I don’t want you to be cold anymore.

They kiss for what feels like hours, and maybe it is. Kusuke writhes against him, and the sheets scratch and rumple under his shoulders. Makoto readjusts the pillow, to ensure Kusuke is comfortable, and traces Kusuke’s name against his tongue with his own. Their embrace is almost romantic in a way that makes Makoto terrified, but beneath him, Kusuke seems to be more relaxed

than Makoto has ever seen. When he finally pulls away, they're both breathless and dazed.

"You're welcome," Kusuke chuckles, and he gives Makoto a weary smile.

Makoto rolls his eyes, but he grins back. "I didn't thank you."

"You didn't have to," he hums. "Goodnight, pretty boy."

"Goodnight, rat."

Makoto flops over again and draws Kusuke back into his chest, and wraps the blankets so tight around them that not a single flicker of warmth could escape. Kusuke slips a hand under Makoto's shirt and pulls him closer, and Makoto's heart swells to the point of near bursting. Kusuke takes a deep breath and exhales slowly, and moments later, he's fast asleep.

Makoto's not asleep, though. He's not sure he could sleep no matter how hard he tried, and he *desperately* wants to -- because a thought is creeping up on him, a thought he's been avoiding for far too long now. But finally, it hits him like a runaway train, and he squeezes his eyes shut to avoid staring at the wreckage.

There's no use denying it anymore.

He never thought he'd feel like this towards anyone but Kokomi, and yet...

...I'm really in trouble now, aren't I?

Chapter End Notes

I'm proud of you, Makoto. Only took you eight fucking chapters to realize how you feel. Kusuke, it's your turn soon. Better watch out.

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